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STARBURST™

THE MAKING OF **DUNE**

DIRECTOR DAVID LYNCH
ON THE FILMING OF
A SCIENCE FICTION EPIC

SUPERMAN PRODUCER
ILYA SALKIND ON
SANTA CLAUS

PLUS:
THE LAST STARFIGHTER
THE TERMINATOR
THE HOWLING SEQUEL





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Francesca Annis as the Lady Jessica in a scene from *Dune*



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LATE, GREAT & LUCKY

A cruel period for our genre's friends... First, Richard Basehart died from several strokes, aged 70. His acting career embraced *Moby Dick*, *Hitler*, *The Satan Bug*, *Fellini* (twice), voicing the start of *Knight Rider* every week (after the pilot, he was cut from the series) and his most massive audience, multi-billions world-wide, while narrating the closing Olympics' ceremony last summer. We remember Dick best as Admiral Nelson, the sub-aqua Kirk, during 92 hours of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1964-67). Ironically, that was the tele-version of the 1961 film role played by Walter Pidgeon who died a week later, also due to strokes, aged 83. Best known to Gran as *Mr. Miniver*, he played master 'tecs Nick Carter, Bulldog Drummond and - unforgettably - the Prospero type in *Forbidden Planet* (1956). Pidgeon was best summed up by Walt Disney when casting *Big Red* (1962). "We need a man who's dignified but not aloof who you can sympathise with, without feeling sorry for."

The day before Walter Pidgeon died, Neil Hamilton, 85, succumbed to his asthma. A fashion and commercial artist's model and dress-extra (Neil was always immaculately groomed; well, he was the Arrow Collar Man!), he started in movies with D. W. Griffith in 1923, became Paramount's top leading man of the late Twenties, the first Beau Geste and Nick in *The Great Gatsby* and appeared in *Fu Manchu* flicks. He quit retirement to be Commissioner Gordon for 50

• OPINION •



French director Francois Truffaut as he appeared in Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977).

hours of *Batman* on tv (1965-70) and the 1966 movie. He also co-starred in Johnny Weissmuller's first jungle capers, *Tarzan, The Ape Man* (1932), *Tarzan And His Mate* (1934). And then... a later Tarz-director, H. Bruce 'Lucky' Humberstone died of cancer, aged 81.

MOVIE LOVER

Those guys gave us some fine movie moments. I have to say that a far greater loss - at the absurdly young age of 52 - is the Paris death, or as the French euphemistically say, disappearance, of Francois Truffaut. The most important, known and revered director of his new-wave generation, Truffaut was that utter rarity - a film critic who made films of merit. Classics, most of them. His tastes, styles varied and included one English film, Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* (1966), no hit at the time, yet more moving each time I view it. His script was ruined by the acting of Oskar Werner, who Truffaut had made an international star in *Jules and Jim* (1962); and it's fascinating to see Cyril Cusack cloning his 451 role, in a way, in Mike Radford's 1984.

Sadly, apart from watching him at work on 451 with Julie Christie at Pinewood, I never met the *maitre*. I was hoping to this year, if he overcame his cancer, to thank him, not only for that treasure trove of movies, both the Hitchcockian and the Antoine Doinel series, but for his forward to the French edition of my Spielberg book. Too late now. Alas. Adieu, Francois - et merci pour tout.

Tony Crawley

• LETTERS •

BATTLESTARRED

It's interesting that in your letters column, *Starburst* 75, two of the three persons writing on the subject of the (patchy, but never less than compelling) series *V* should find it necessary to make in passing derogatory references to *Battlestar Galactica* – interesting, but sad. I have noticed before in *Starburst* a strong tendency to take a swipe at *BG* at any and all opportunities; what interests me is why? Just what has *BG* ever done to be treated as the black sheep of television science fiction?

I'd be the first person to admit that *Galactica* has its flaws – scientifically there are holes you could fly a *Battlestar* through, the scripts occasionally descended to the ludicrous, whilst every so often a special effect would slip by that, even after five years, still makes us cringe (starfields that don't move with the spacecraft, for example!) – but for all of that, on the whole *Battlestar Galactica* remains both one of the best and, simultaneously, one of the most under-rated – and, as I said before, *The* most badly treated – TV series in any genre, not just science fiction, ever made. Both innovative and imaginative, it not only brought *Star Wars* – inspired state-of-the-art special effects to the small screen for the first (and, to date, unsurpassed) time, but it was also a stirring, inspiring saga of human courage and the will to survive, peopled by unusually well and sensitively drawn and convincing characters; it was, and is, well-conceived, well-produced and extremely well-acted and must stand as a landmark in its field.

Maybe it's the believability and warmth of the characters that offends so many fans of the coldly technical side of science fiction, to whom human situations and emotions are simply of no interest? If so – why go on about it? Why not just ignore *Battlestar Galactica* as beneath contempt? Why keep on bitching about it? Like it or not, it was made, and it's



Loveable characters from *Battlestar Galactica*. Top left: A Cylon Centurion. Top right: An Ovion Warrior. Bottom: A Cylon Centurion reporting to the Imperious Leader.

not going to disappear overnight – and nor are its fans.

We all have our individual likes and dislikes, which is as it should be – it's part of our basic human rights. What we do not have is the right to dictate what is, or is not, good television (or a good book, or a good movie, or whatever else), or what the TV companies should or should not show, or what viewers should watch. We do not have the right to dictate other people's tastes. Nor does anyone have the right to vilify *Battlestar Galac-*

tica, or any other good, original, creative, intelligent and interesting achievement in the field of science fiction (or, for that matter, anything else) simply because it does not happen to conform to their bigoted view of what is, or is not, acceptable. It is a sad comment on the narrowness of our world – that world to which so many SFers tend to think themselves superior, whilst at the same time conforming to the worst of its prejudices – that so many people should find it possible to praise one

thing only at the cost of damning another. Whatever *did* happen to constructive criticism?

Ms Hilary Broadribb,
President: The Thirteenth
Tribe,
West Dulwich,
London.

IS IT ART?

Greetings Earthlings... and in so saying, I typify the hordes of fanatical sci-fi fans across the globe, with their quirky hand signals and garbled throaty

voices maintaining the true order of the B-Movies, should we not allow them their little eccentricities and preserve the tradition of fandom.

But, the matter at hand, for which I write to you is not to while away the time with fond recollections. I am here in an official capacity, as *numero uno* at the third year Film student at Bournemouth & Poole College of Art, renowned, revered it stands on a platform, a metaphor within the bounds of the Film Industry to true creativity.

Anyway, if I can just step down off my plinth for a moment, and request of you in humble terms, a teeny-weeny, itsy-bitsy favour, let me begin my tale at the very beginning, before even the Earth had cooled, picture this if you will...

In our final year here at Bournemouth High, we are expected to make a short movie of between ten minutes and half an hour, and in so doing to exploit the education and accumulative knowledge provided by this course. This not being enough we also have to complete a finished written thesis, a minimum length of approx. 5000 words, on any aspect of the film world no matter how loosely connected it might be.

At this present time, while my personal epic moviola is at a pre-production stage, I have been focusing all my available spare time on the subject of my own thesis, that being the renowned and controversially interesting American writer Mr. Harlan Ellison, yeh! let's here it for Mr. Ellison.

Now, going way back in the eons of time, I recall the infancy of the beloved *Starburst* Magazine, to the edition no. 18, it featured a big, no let me

The year is 2024...

a future
you'll
probably
live
to see.



say huge spread on the then new *Meteor* film, and also a not so huge article on the 1975 feature, *A Boy and his Dog*, adapted, naturally, from Ellison's Nebula Award winning novella, remember it?

I know that this is potentially agonizingly long, but please bear with me for the time being and all will be made clear sooner than you think.

I have read a good deal of the writer's works, both as journalist, from extracts of his TV criticism when he was with a Los Angeles newspaper in the book *The Glass Teat*, to his short stories on the youth culture in America at the time, and their anxieties in *Gentleman Junkie* and also his speculative fiction essays on aspects of alienation from 'All the sounds of fear' which in-

cluded his most published story *Repent Harlequin said the Ticktockman*...

So, you could say I'm a right little swot, but I think I am let's say 'adequately' versed in the man's literary career, but for the purposes of an introduction to my thesis, I would hope that you might be able to furnish me with a background synopsis on the history or aspects of the writer's life to date, this I think may give me an insight to his motivations and leave me with an idea of the direction or tack of the thesis. Unfortunately, the introductions in his books tend to skim the surface and don't leave much of an impression of him as a person.

If you don't have this information, well fret not, perhaps there is still a chance

that you can be of some help to me. Is there any source that you know of which might have the relevant information.

Also, do you have any further information on the film *A Boy and his Dog* supplementary to that of the article, even, and wait for it, some stills from the movie.

One other thing, I heard tell that it was now available on video, can you please confirm this statement, true or false.

Well, thank you for spending your valuable time with this piece of paper, if you're still there.

Guy Scutter,
Wallsdown,
Dorset.

A Boy and His Dog is available on video (released by VPD). To all your other questions: No.

SATISFIED READER

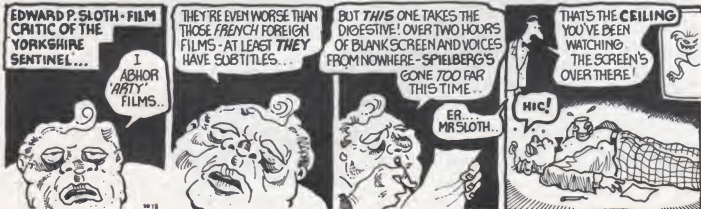
After months of trying to decide which Science Fiction and Fantasy magazine to buy I have finally decided, after reading issue 75, that *Starburst* is undoubtedly the best buy. The reason being is that it is the first magazine that I have really read from cover to cover. Every article in the issue was fascinating, especially *The Making of V* and *Things to Come*. If this standard keeps up I am sure that I will obtain a copy every month at the fair price of 95p.

My only criticism is that when you enter competitions you have to cut out tokens, and as I would like to keep the magazine intact, I am not able to enter.

Anyway, thank you for a brilliant magazine and I hope you will keep the standard up.

Richard Barrow,
Sevenoaks, Kent.

FLICKERS by Tim Quinn & Dicky Howett



• Tony Crawley's • THINGS TO COME •

POLTERGEIST II

Just when you thought it safe to go up the stairs to Bedfordshire — now that you have the *Ghostbusters* number — *Poltergeist II* is coming! Spielberg is not involved. Nor is his Amblin unit. But the original's writers backed by Steven are both scripting and producing the sequel. Mark Victor and Michael Grais wanted to call it *Poltergeist II — The Other Side*. Their backer, Freddie Fields — who was MGM/UA's production chief okaying the first film — doesn't hold with lumpy titles. Shooting begins in March... or when the guys have located a director. Tobe Hooper, apparently, isn't interested. Meantime, Richard Edlund is already storyboarding the SPFX now that he's wrapped *2010*. Amazingly, Mark and Mike have said they want to line up the same Freeling family as in 1982. That, alas, is impossible. Can they have forgotten already about the murder of the elder Freeling daughter, Dana — actress Dominique Dunne — in November 1982?



STONE II

It's also official, I think. Well, Michael Douglas, now playing the choreographer in Dickie Attenborough's *A Chorus Line* (can you see Harrison Ford as a... choreographer?!), has let it slip that *Romancing the Stone II* is on. Come March, as well. In Morocco. Kathleen Turner will be the spirited Joan Wilding once more — not sure if Mike is re-treading or finding a new hero for her. Hope he finds room for more of Wilding's wild Angelina book heroine. Remember the real beauty in the *Stone* opener? For your information she was ex-Playboy Playmate Kym Herrin. She must be due for more, er, exposure.

The *Stone* comic — Danny De Vito, I mean, not the execrable Zack (Snappers) Norman — is headlining *Head Office* in Toronto for John Carpenter's usual producer lady, Debra Hill.



Top: A psychic scene from *Poltergeist*, a sequel of which is in the works. Above: Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner may get together again for more *Romancing the Stone*.

PETER PAN II

Steven Spielberg starts shooting *Peter Pan* — the cast is still shh! secret — at his usual Elstree stamping grounds come March. Well, he's also aiming at an Easter 1986 premiere. Spielberg's film will probably mean that London's Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children will never want for money again. *Pan* creator, J.M. Barrie, left all the rights of his play to the hospital in his 1937 will.

Each Christmas, the stage show — over here or anywhere in the world — means healthy cuts of the profits for the hospital. With a Spielberg film, the cut will be ginormous! Enough to win the guy a knighthood. (Oh yes, it is possible. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., has one, for instance. Being American, it's an honorary title and he can't use it. But he's got it. And after writing this column non-stop for close on 80 months, must say I'm expecting my own soon).

WAR GAMES II?

Woody Allen's old co-writer, Marshall Brickman, directed a pair of fantasy(ish) movies: *Simon* (1981) and *Lovesick* (1983). Neither clicked. He's trying anew with *The Manhattan Project*. The story — you squatting comfortably? — has two high school students, a boy and a girl, putting U.S. security in jeopardy with a scientific jape and being chased from here to Thursday by government agents. Oh yeah, and they're aided by a fiftyish scientist. Sound familiar? You bet it does! David Begelman says the same. He would. Considering his career in Hollywood, that guy has nerves, not to say gall, of steel. His new Gladden company is backing the film. "Not since my sponsorship of *WarGames*," he says about his MGM/UA days, "have I found a property which so strikes the same nerve and response." Which is what Hollywood gall-merchants tend to say, in public, after saying, in private — "Hey you, go get me another *WarGames*... and I want it yesterday!"



Dave Friedman casting for *Blood Feast II*

BLOOD FEAST II?

Better news! America seems to have rediscovered Herschell G. Lewis — the ole Godfather of Gore. Not that he ever went away. His 1963 horror quickie, *Blood Feast*, has remained a huge cult on the midnight matinee circuits. "We had people die with their eyes open," he recalls. "Until *Blood Feast*, people died neatly in movies. We made up for years of no blood with a single picture." Critics panned it as a fiasco in all departments. And Lewis' partner and producer (and sound man) back then, my L.A. mate, David F. Friedman, admits to laughing at how

phoney their effects looked – even then, let alone now. “We shot it on a three-day drunk,” Dave always told me. Or was it five days? How many, Dave? “I dunno. We wuz drunk, I tell ya.”

The fans have been legless ever since on the terrible old schlock about a mad Egyptian caterer butchering “nubile young girls” to create an elixir of life for an ancient goddess (all inspired by a five foot sphinx outside the Suez Motel where they shot it in Miami Beach). “Nothing so appalling in the annals of horror,” ran their 1963 hype. Nothing? “Couple of folks have approached me to re-make this classic,” Dave Friedman tells me with a straight face. “And Hershell is willing. It’d be a kick to work with him again.” Their last two films were 200 Maniacs and Colour Me Blood Red – the parents of all that followed from Exorcist to Evil Dead!

PSYCHO III – or IV?

Having made close to two million bucks from the first sequel, I hear Tony Perkins is ready to trot out Norman Bates again for *Psycho III*. I thought he’d made that already – as Ken Russell’s *Crimes of Passion*, which hit more US censor hassles than *Indiana Jones*. Ken nearly got an X-for-naughty rating until re-cutting it three times and adding sequences. He got so mad he said if he cut it any more, he’d have a dead carcass. Now he’s happy with what he terms the fuller ver-

sion – though it’s 101 minutes as opposed to the original 104. He slashed certain of Kathleen Turner’s sex scenes, added a new epilogue and inserted a mock rock-video.

It’s Ken’s second Hollywood trip after *Altered States*; probably, his last. “You can be as violent as you want in this country,” he yells, “but talk about sex and everyone reaches for their chastity belts. Nothing happens in this film that I haven’t seen on British tv.” As for *Indiana Jones*, Russell calls that an “obscenity... a hymn to violence.” And this from the guy who made *The Devils*!



Above: The token shower sequence from *Psycho II* (perhaps the first of many sequels). Below: Meg Tilly (again from *Psycho II*). Top right: The young (human) stars of *Gremlins*.

IMPULSIVE

Psycho II’s lady, Meg Tilly, has not much more of a pleasant time in *Impulse*, a shock-horror item from Graham Baker, maker of *Omen III*. It’s a very destructive piece of old garbage, ripping off more horror movies than Meg’s ex-lover character breaks fingers. Her screen hubby, Tim Matheson (1941, etc) must be having a much happier time chasing *The Best Legs* in *The 8th Grade*. They belong to beautiful Kathryn Harrold, survivor of the batty *Night Wing* (1979). Other legs involved some affixed to Superman’s Lana Lang, aka. Annette O’Toole and... Jim Belushi.



2G – OR NOT 2G?

The rampaging triumph of what Japanese papers call 2G – *Ghostbusters* and *Gremlins* – must be the reason for the unshelving of a 1982 movie (which just looks like a *Forties/Fifties/Sixties* artifact) called *Nothing Lasts Forever*. This futuristic caper is produced by the Saturday Night Live honcho, Lorne Michaels, written and directed by one Tom Schiller – in black-white with a few colour splashes. The hero of a doubleplusungood Orwellian age turns out to be Gizmo’s pal, Zach Galligan. His boss (in traffic-control) is Dan Aykroyd. And once Zach wins up in a lunar cruiser (complete with Eddie Fisher – Carrie’s dad – crooning in the er... *Galaxy Lounge*), the cruise director is none other than Bill Murray. And they’d shelved it...? Yeah, well the fun is rather lightweight.

BELUSHI BIO

Dan and Bill will not be so chuffed to hear that Bob Woodward’s biographical exposé of John Belushi is to be filmed. Paying handsomely for the rights to *Wired* is Edward S. Feldman, producer of Harrison Ford’s next guise, *Witness*, and Joe Dante’s up and coming *Explorers*.

Feldman insists his film won’t be a witch-hunt, naming all the acid-head stars as the book did. (Well, they’d sue; though they haven’t sued Woodward. Then, nor did Nixon). In fact, Feldman tends to make it sound as if he’s out to protect such Hollywoods – and Belushi, himself. “We want a movie like *Lenny*, about the great comedic rise and then deterioration of this talented man.” Difficult to show that without showing the other junk stars of Hollywood. Wonder who’ll dare play Belushi... and Dan... even Spielberg, perhaps (an allegedly drug-ridden 1941 set is part of the book’s sensations).

INDIANA BOND?

Top Aussie novelist Morris West has formed not so much a company as a consortium to defend his books from Hollywood and make them his way. Two will be co-productions with Hungary. But the one that interests us (or might) is *Gal-lows in the Sun* for which Malaleuka Productions

needs a hero in the Indy Bond style. I thought Australia already had one. (Mad) Max Rockatansky. West need look no further than lanky John Hargreaves, finally catching up with Jack Thompson and Bryan Brown by winning the Australian Film Institute’s best actor award last year. He’s good. I’ve always said. Aussies never listened. Until now...?

WOLVES NIGHT OUT

The 18th fantasy festival of Stiges, in Spain, gave its top award, and the critics’ nod, too, to *Company of Wolves*, plus a trophy for Chris Tucker’s make-up effects. Director Neil Jordan, ▶

ony Crawley's **THINGS TO COME**

though, was beaten to director's honours by Carl Schenkel and West Germany's *Out of Order*, which is rather like *The Life II* – the people are trapped inside it, this time. John Sayles, another Stiges visitor like Neil, collected the script award and Joe Morton's acting trophy for *The Brother From Another Planet*.

GO MANDRAKE, GO!

Mandrake The Magician is coming up for air. Again. The on-off film of Lee Falk's magical marvel is part of the massive \$75 million Goldcrest schedule for the British Film Year of 1985. Minus Julien Temple, the video-clip king, who had been due to direct. New helmer is Bob Swaim, a lively American who lives in Paris, where he ran off with all the local Oscars (ie. Cesars) the other year for his taut slice of cop-art called *La Balance*. His new producer is Tom Sternberg, a longtime aide to Coppola. (He might have been an aid to Coppola, he was always something of a stone-wall to me!) Which means, as night follows day and De Palma follows Hitchcock, a new scenario, too. William Hjortsberg is handling that. Now.

Other parts of the Goldcrest swoop include Julien Temple's *Absolute Beginners*, postponed from last summer to next, if we have one that is – and Stephen Volk's highly original *Horror Movie* script, which *Another Country*'s Marek Kaniewska will direct.



SUPERFLOP

Supergirl is catching a cold in along, though. Matthew Rob-America. More like flu' than bins: the Dragonslayer man, is the flew... Japanese cassettes of first director to use her question-the abyssal movie somehow got able, if non-flying, talents in his on sale before the premiere. That top-secret venture, that for now, sure spread the awful word and remains untitled.

KENNEDY AWARD

On the same Melbourne night that honoured John Hargreaves, the first Bryan Kennedy Award, created in memory of the late *Mad Max* producer, was presented. I must say it didn't go very far... The winner – the *Max* films' sound-mixer Roger Savage. Yes, he's worked on other Aussie films, indeed on *Return of the Jedi*, too. But I didn't expect the Kennedy award would be going to Kennedy team members only. Bryan's father, Eric, handed over the award, introduced by Mel Gibson on stage and a tape he'd brought from the *Max III* locations, of director George Miller. Roger had already shared the Best Sound trophy of the big awards night, with a team of five for the *Street Hero* rock film and Russell Mulcahy's *Razorback* picked up the camera and editing nod.

3D TUBE

So, 3-D is not dead, after all. Just faded away – to television. There are tri-di effects utilised in two new children's series on the American tube today. *Mighty*

Orbits is a robot, or indeed orbit trip, and rather better, even adultish, than you might imagine. *Turbo Teen* is simply juvenilia. About this kid who turns into a turbo racing car every time his temperature rises.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

We don't (often) bother here with the comings and goings of Hollywood executives. They don't really make films, just okay them. There's been such a whirlwind version of musical chairs for execs lately – like a deadline for soccer transfers – that I ought to try and sort out who's now where among the men (Sherry Lansing is long gone) selecting the films we're expected to queue for. No easy task as most studios are run by triumvirates: president, chairman, production chief. The titles vary, utilising such typically Americanese as 'chief executive (or, operating) officer.' If one guy moves, or has the rug slipped from under him, he tends to take one of the trio with him. If they're still mates and not back-stabbers.

Suffice then to say that Hollywood's real power rests in the same hands as, say, six months back. It's just that those mists now rest on different desks. I doubt if most stars or their agents have yet caught up with the studio chiefs they'd been sweet-talking into hot deals for months. I mean, if you call A at Studio B, you'll find C there now, probably with D, while A is over at F and G and H are out to lunch. As always.

The dancing began with the expected exit from Disney of its long-time production boss, Ron Miller. He's replaced, in a sense, by a trio: Michael Eisner, ex-president of Paramount (where he okayed the first *Lucasburger* endeavour) and Frank Wells, ex-pres. of Warner Brothers. By February, Eisner's Paramount cohort for eight years, Jeffrey Katzenberg, joins them, to take over from the guy who, it runs out, did more than Miller to liven up Disney, bringing it into the 1980s by creating Touchstone Films – Richard Berger. Yeah, I'm surprised they got rid of them, but he's cool about it, even says he'd have done the same thing. (What – sack himself?)



Cinderella meets her fairy godmother in the Walt Disney "classic".

I always knew something was up at Disney once it signed Dennis Hopper as a schoolteacher in *My Science Project*. Hopper at Disney is like Vincent Price as Pope. But more of the Disney (re)evolution later... This defection to Disney left holes at Paramount – all the more so

since chairman Barry Diller also quit, for the same post at 20th Century Fox! New honcho behind the famous Paramount gate is Frank Mancuso (father of Friday The 13th III's producer) and he brought in ex-Universal prez., Ned Tanen. They're still hunting up a production chief. Mancuso's first move, though, was signing Harve Bennett's company to a three-year contract. Of course! Well, Bennett makes the Star Trek films and Mancuso didn't want him going to Disney as well – or being invited by Diller to Fox!

Harve starts Star Trek IV (The Search For A Production Boss?) in the summer, once Bill Shatner is on vacation from his Hooker tv dross.

Bennett has written the story and, as well as directing, Leonard Nimoy may script it. Nimoy's deal – he goes in for double-edged deals, "one for you, one for me" – will probably include backing for Calvin, the story he's bought from Calvin Woodland, which Nimoy is already scripting with Jim McGinn.

Meanwhile, over at Fox, Barry Diller has rapidly promoted his production chief to president, as well. Who he? Lawrence Gordon, Walter Hill's usual producer. . . Burt Reynolds, too. Rising fast is Larry, the only real film-maker of the entire group!

DISNEY ANIMATION

Definitely still on is Disney's 26th animation feature, *Basil of Baker Street*, based on the Eve Titus mousey version of Sherlock Holmes. Vincent Price and our own Barrie Ingham are among the voices being used by three directors on the project pencilled in for a summer release. Summer of '87 that is.

Biggest break with traditions since the new blood entered the Disney arteries is that fifteen of the studio's animation features are finally coming out on cassette. They've always been held back as they're re-issue money in the bank. *Robin Hood and Sword in the Stone* were first out on the (hefty-priced) Disney Classics label. The true classics come later, *Cinderella*, *Fantasia*, *Jungle Book* and, inevitably, *Peter Pan* – about to lose its re-issue gloss due to Spielberg's movie. Which reminds me. . .



Scenes from *Jungle Book* (above) and *Fantasia* (top right), two feature-length animated cartoons soon to be released on Walt Disney Video.

DISNEYBERGER?

If, as expected, we do well out of the revitalised Disney operation, it's likely that Steven Spielberg could do even better. Now that he has at least one trusted mate (Eisner) in charge of Walt's movie domain, Steven's old dream of directing a Disney animation spectacular could start rolling again. The fact that nothing ever came of his discussions with the studio three years ago tends to prove how set in their Fifties' ways, the old regime was. Then again, nothing much came of his chats with Don Bluth, either. I'm sure Mike Eisner is on the hot line to Amblin as you read this. Hope so. Don't you?

DISNEY EXPORT

And if it still doesn't work out, Spielberg should stop visiting automaton museums on Paris holidays with Amy Irving and head for Nansengade in Copenhagen. He can't miss it. Just ask for the street of a thousand secondhand bookshops. That's where a former Disney animator, Jeff Varab, has set up shop in partnership with a Danish tv animation producer, Jacob Stegelman. They've nearly completed their first movie, *Valhalla* – a Viking comedy, it says here. Next project for their thirty artists, *Gilgamesh*, about a Babylon warrior king, circa 4000 BC. Spielberg might like their style. Like Don Bluth, they're also into video games via another company called Laser Animation System for Education. That's Denmark for you. Video-games are considered educative.



LIGHTS. . . !

After *Splash* and *Cocoon*, Ron Howard is deserting us for comedy (*Gung Ho*), big bands (*In The Mood*) and drugs (a rehabilitation drama). . . His *Splash*-mates, Tom Hanks and John Candy have volunteered for *Volunteers*. . . Don Bluth's *Dragon's Lair* video-game has turned into an animation tv series for kids. . . Best part of the 2010 merchandising (you say twenty-ten, by the way) is Syd Mead's great book, *The Art of 2010*. . . Christopher Reeve has inherited Leonard Nimoy's love of artist Vincent Van Gogh, by hosting a tele-tribute to the painter. Nimoy used to tour with a one-man show about him. . .

CAMERA. . . !

Steve McQueen's lad, Chad, is in an upcoming *V* episode. . . Being Connery's last 007 villain really launched Klaus Maria Brandauer on the international circuit. He's finishing Jerzy Skolimowski's *Lightship* with Bobby Duvall in Munich, before joining Robert Redford and Meryl Streep in *Out of Africa*, based on no less than five books. . . *Avengers* angel, Linda Thorson, starring in *Flanagan* about this New York cabbie wanting to be a Shakespearian actor. . . *Dune*'s music eventually scored and performed by Toto, with Vienna's Symphony Ork, but The Prophecy theme comes from Brian Eno. . .

& AKK-SHUN!

Congratulations to Gary Kurtz. He's wed Roberta Jimenez in Salt Lake City. She was publicity co-ordinator on *Dark Crystal*. . . Gary's mate, Jim Henson, has produced an animated version of *Muppet Babies* with Marvel Productions, with Kermit & Co. being toddlers. Yet another Santa in the works, a tele-animation (or 'animagic') version of *The Adventures of Santa Claus* by the Oz creator L. Frank Baum. . .

THE ROAD TO DUNE



One of the most eagerly awaited science fiction films of 1984 was undoubtedly *Dune*, produced by Dino and Raffaella De Laurentiis for Universal Pictures, and directed by David Lynch, the man responsible for *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*. At the 1983 World Science Fiction Convention in Baltimore, for instance, hundreds of fans crowded to attend a 'preview', where slides of the picture, and a message from *Dune* author Frank Herbert, stating that he was totally satisfied with the film adaptation of his book, were presented.

Originally published in 1963 in *Astounding Magazine* (now called *Analog*), under the title *Dune World*, *Dune*

first appeared as a book in 1965. It quickly proved to be not only one of the most remarkable science fiction works

Eraserhead was a personal film. The Elephant Man and Dune are more commercial pictures. Still, in The Elephant Man, I got into that world, and I worked with the material and tried to get ideas and make them work. I try to do the same thing with Dune. But, everything is different. Dune has got to be the hardest film. . . . Eraserhead took five years, and every film is hard. But, I think this has got to be absolutely the most work.

David Lynch, Director

ever written, but also an unprecedented best-seller. Today, the *Dune*

saga, along with Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*, Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy and Clarke's 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, is one of the few science fiction novels the fame of which has spread beyond the genre and reached the general public.

Winner of the Hugo and Nebula awards, printed in millions of copies, translated into more than a dozen languages, the saga of *Dune* has since been expanded into five sequels: *Dune Messiah* (1969), *Children of Dune* (1976), *God-Emperor of Dune* (1981), and, this year, *Heretics of Dune*. Last year, Herbert signed a multi-million dollar contract for a sixth volume in the series, tentatively entitled *Chapter House*:



Far left: Stars and extras advance in *Dune*. Above left: Francesca Annis and Kyle MacLachlan with *Dune* author Frank Herbert. Above and below: Two hard-hitting scenes of fighting action.



Dune, and has been reported to have already delivered the manuscript to his publisher. In a recent *Newsweek* interview, the 63 year-old author was quoted as saying, "I haven't another one in mind," but can Herbert truly abandon his greatest creation?

In any event, 1984 marked the twenty-first anniversary of *Dune*'s first publication, and it is fitting that this anniversary was celebrated by the release of the classic's first film version. Yet, the translation of *Dune* from the pulpish pages of *Astounding* to the Hollywood silver screens was all but a simple process,

and rivals Herbert's labyrinthine intrigues.

Dune's colossal success quickly

I did toy with the idea of doing Dune in black and white, but there are films that are colour films, and this is one of them. The colour does help separate the different worlds. The next two films I want to do, and if I do more Dunes, will all be in colour. But, I want to do a black and white film again sometime.

David Lynch, Director

attracted Hollywood's attention. One of the first companies interested in acquir-

ing film rights to Herbert's novel was APJAC, a corporation formed by the late Arthur P. Jacobs, producer of the *Planet of the Apes* pictures. According to an interview with Herbert, published in the May, 1975 issue of *Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction*, APJAC planned to film *Dune* in an area northeast of Ankara, Turkey, with Herbert himself as technical adviser. At the time, only a treatment had been done, and no director or scriptwriter seemed to have been chosen. For some reason, however, the project was abandoned, and *Dune* was left to wait for a more determined producer.

► Strangely enough, that person was not an American, but a Frenchman, Michel Seydoux. To write and direct the film, Seydoux called on Chilean-born writer and director, Alejandro Jodorowsky, whose previous credits included heavily mystic-laden pictures such as *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain*. Jodorowsky's *Dune* was scheduled to begin filming in September of 1975, but the incredible amount of work that the director put into the pre-production held up the starting date by almost two years. Finally, the production cost, originally estimated at \$6 million, escalated to unforeseen heights. Unable to find new sources of financing, Seydoux simply abandoned the project.

Jodorowsky was assisted during all phases of the film's pre-production by

the talented French comic-book artist and illustrator, Jean 'Moebius' Giraud, well known in this country for his many

I don't have any kind of philosophy, except to be true to the material, even if it's an original idea. When you first get an idea, it has power. You have to remember that feeling, and that idea in its original state, and be true to that. If you read a book, and you're translating, you have to be true to the essence of the book. The book came from original ideas. Things can get watered down and carried away, then they lose all their power. So, the material speaks to you, and every film becomes different in style.

David Lynch, Director

contributions to *Heavy Metal* magazine. Under Jodorowsky's careful guidance,

Moebius created over 1,000 pages of extremely elaborate 'storyboards' and designs. "For me," said Jodorowsky in a 1976 interview with French magazine *Rock & Folk*, "Giraud is a complete artist. He is not only a comic-book author, but he is also a painter and a poet."

In addition to Moebius, the director also planned on utilizing the talents of three other famous SF artists: Briton, Christopher Foss, celebrated for his ultra-realistic depictions of spaceships and technological artefacts; American, Richard Corben, author of *Den* and other *Heavy Metal* fare; and Swiss, H.R. Giger, creator of 20th Century Fox's *Alien*. Each artist was to create his own concept of one of the film's four planets. The golden, octagonal fortress-planet of the Emperor was to be conceived by Foss.



Caladan, the forest-covered world of the Atreides, was to be designed by Giraud. The Harkonnen's leprous, corrupt stronghold of Gedi Prime was to be handled by Giger; and Corben was to bring to life the planet of the Bene Gesserit, with its weird, pyramidal edifices.

Music, too, was to be an integral part of Jodorowsky's vision of *Dune*. Different groups were also expected to contribute their own special styles to each of the planets. Pink Floyd had accepted the assignment of the Imperial Planet; a popular French band, named Magma, was to do the Harkonnen homeworld; and the British group Henry Cow was to interpret the planet of the Bene Gesserit. Originally, the special effects were to have been handled by Douglas Trumbull. Later, Jodorowsky, impressed by *Dark Star*, planned to entrust them to the care of Dan O'Bannon.

The filming of Jodorowsky's *Dune*



was to take place in Tassili, in the Sahara desert, with hundreds of actors and extras. Among the actors mentioned for the film were Jodorowsky's own son, Brontis, in the role of Paul Atreides. Salvador Dali had been mentioned for the role of Padishah Emperor (Moebius's original design for the character is a likeness of the famous Spanish artist) but, in a 1976 interview with French magazine *Cinema D'aujourd'hui*, the director stated that he found Dali's political condonation of Franco's execution of several young, Basque militants to be "so odious," that he preferred to tear up the contract.

The most interesting aspect of Jodorowsky's project, was undoubtedly his personal interpretation of Herbert's novel. "I interpret and continue the book," he told *Rock & Folk*. "I don't believe that one should take a novel and fail to put it at one's service. As the



This spread: A selection of scenes illustrating the dark atmosphere of *Dune* evident in its transition from book to film.



anarchists say, 'Neither God, nor Master!' I take the torch, and continue further on. If not, it's not really worth it...' Jodorowsky spent two years writing a scenario, which was then dialogued by French SF author Michel Demuth, Herbert's French translator.

In his screenplay, Jodorowsky went beyond Herbert's book. At the end of his version, the death of Paul-the-Prophet (in the Islamic sense of the term) "fertilized" Dune and turned it into a giant,

I had to import all of the worms. We had first contemplated shooting the worms here, with John Dykstra. But, when I called Carlo Rambaldi up and asked how he felt doing the worms in Mexico, he said, "My worms work. If they work here, they'll work in Mexico." So, he loaded them all in the truck and off we went to Mexico.

Raffaella De Laurentiis, Producer

collective intelligence, a living planet. This new Dune, in turn, gave birth to a living, intelligent, galaxy and onward, until the attainment of a communal, and completely spiritual, universe, one with Man. Inherent in these concepts are alchemical themes dear to Jodorowsky. For the director, Dune's spice is the science fiction equivalent of the "projec-

Left: Francesca Annis as Jessica displays one of her many glamorous costumes worn in Dune. Below: On the barren landscape of an alien planet. Above right: Kenneth McMillan as the crazy Baron. Right: Feyd (Sting) and Paul Atrides (Kyle MacLachlan) meet in armed combat.



tion powder", or philosopher's stone, which has the power to transmute baser matter into purer elements. Alchemists have always held that that transmutation process is both physical and spiritual (at the level of the alchemist). Because of Paul's efforts, the planet Dune itself becomes a giant philosopher's stone, which enables the entire human race to realise its collective soul and become one with God. . .

The failure of the Seydoux-Jodorowsky project did not discourage other producers, and the film rights to, not only *Dune*, but the entire series, were finally purchased by Dino De Laurentiis, producer of *King Kong* (1976) and *Conan the Barbarian*. Having discovered Herbert's novel on the advice of his daughter, Raffaella, De Laurentiis made her the producer of the film. He then asked Ridley Scott to direct. Scott, who had just completed *Alien*, worked on the film for many months, producing numerous storyboards and production designs. Unfortunately, after creative differences with De Laurentiis, Scott abandoned *Dune* and went on to do another SF-inspired project, *Blade Runner*.

Raffaella De Laurentiis then suggested David Lynch, director of the underground classic, *Eraserhead*, and of

the widely-acclaimed, *The Elephant Man*. According to a 1983 interview in *Daily Variety*, De Laurentiis had liked *The Elephant Man*, but was unfamiliar with *Eraserhead*. "Dino had never seen *Eraserhead*," Lynch reported in that interview, "and if he had, he probably wouldn't have hired me. All his kids saw *Eraserhead* in his living room, and I think he just walked through and saw about 10

minutes of it at most."

In any event, Lynch was contacted and a contract was signed for him to not only direct, but to also write the script. Not having read *Dune* before, Lynch set about "discovering" the book. "I liked the basic story of *Dune*," he explains. "I liked it because of its textures, and different worlds. It dealt with an inner world, as well as an outer world. I like things that go to places where you wouldn't normally go. So, I liked all its different levels. I also liked the fact that it was more realistic than, say, *Star Wars*. It had a lot of things within the whole that were really exciting to me, in terms of what could be done with them, as far as film, sound and all the rest were concerned.

"When you read something, you always have a picture in your mind of what you're reading. In the case of *Dune*, I didn't like a lot of the pictures that Frank (Herbert) painted. . . It's not that I didn't like them, but I chose some 'pictures' over others. However, I think almost every single thing in my script is based on something in the book. Frank was very tolerant of my picking and choosing, because he knew I tried to be true to the book. Frank read several of the drafts, and he's now seen a rough cut of the film. He would give suggestions, or he'd answer tons of questions. He was very supportive all along, and excited



Continued on page 26

SUPER PRODUCER

THE INTERVIEW



Ilya Salkind is the producer whose credits include Bluebeard, The Three Musketeers, The Four Musketeers, The Prince and the Pauper, Superman the Movie, Superman II, Superman III and Supergirl. Frances Lynn recently talked to Salkind at Pinewood studios during preproduction of his current picture, Santa Claus. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc, Santa Claus stars the American actor David Huddleston in the title role, Judy Cornwall as Mrs Santa Claus, Dudley Moore as an elf, John Lithgow as the villain and Burgess Meredith amongst the rest of the cast.

Starburst: What exactly is your role as Executive Producer?

Ilya Salkind: Titles are titles. You have different kind of titles that apply to different functions, but if you want a definition, I think you have different kinds of producers. You have the concept producer, and also money producer at the same time...

Is that you?

At this point in time, it's my father (Alex Salkind) and me. He finds the money through my ideas and I make the films. He keeps the watch on the finance and, of course, keeps the money rolling in to make the films! That works simply because we don't have to answer to anybody. Meaning no-one's going to cut the picture the way we wouldn't allow or we wouldn't have any kind of interference, creatively or commercially.

That is, I would say, the ultimate way of producing which at the same time has a lot of risks because, as you know, with *Superman*, we almost all ended in an absolute catastrophe. The first two pictures were supposed to be done for around \$30 million. But because the effects didn't function, it was then an experimental school. For example, a front projection shot with the new systems we had invented that was supposed to take three days, took five weeks, so you start multiplying the days and that is what really brings the money up on a picture. It's the days that you shoot, people and crowds and food etc. So that went up and up and that was one horrific side of it, the other side was the director, Donner (Richard), who I liked very much. I saw him when we started shooting *Supergirl* here at the studio (Pinewood) and we embraced, for I have a theory that life is life. It passes quick enough. I'm not bitter.

I think one has to be open to things and not close oneself. Okay, I had a very bad time with *Superman*, it doesn't mean I'm going to hate Donner all my life. I'm not saying we would work together again but we are certainly

going to talk. He's a nice man. I think what happened, Donner came from a small film, which was *The Omen*, a wonderful film – that's why I took him. And suddenly he ended up with this colossal two picture project with Brando, Hackman, the flying that didn't work, the most complicated special effects and I think he had very normal human reactions. He just became totally overwhelmed, became insecure and started shooting more. It's not that he was a bad guy; it was so big the only way for him to find protection was, for example: instead of shooting the red sun of Krypton in 20 takes with him saying one of them is okay, he did 365 takes!

●
Couldn't you have been closer to Donner, on his back?

I was always all the time on his back. We were extremely close, we were all the time together, but once the machine started going and the picture started shooting it became so gigantic that then, of course, something else appeared which is the money problem. And when you have money problems on a picture, whatever happens, friends become enemies. Every day, Donner, Pierre (Salinger) who was doing the picture with me, and myself, were all sitting on a pointed stool where any second we could just be fired.

Alex (Salkind) had the financing to start, then it grew and grew, and Warner Brothers started putting money in there. They only had distribution but it became so gigantic that they got involved. They thought if it stops we're going to lose \$30-40 million which they had already invested just to keep the movie rolling as an advance which they would recoup, so it became a horrific situation where in the end nobody talked. I guess that's what happens on these disaster budgets where everything gets out of control!

The first stage was when we finished the picture; the picture was good and then we were hit on top by the most incredible amount of problems of lawsuits. Brando was the first lawsuit and he attacked before the picture was out.

●
Why did he do that?

Just a thing we found out later that he always did when he had a percentage. He always attacked before to have a better legal position, which is the Hollywood system. But we didn't know that. We're basically European. I'm Mexican but I was raised in Europe and didn't understand all that stuff.

I was very excited on that movie, and it became like working in a bank with lawyers all over the place. You couldn't move or talk, so it was a horrific point where everybody started attacking and suing.

Okay, the picture was a triumphant success but we ended up with a new situation. Donner said "I will not do *Superman II*" and this was in *Variety*, "unless I have full control." For us it was a very strong reaction because we thought that was very ungrateful. First he already had a big hit with the picture.

Of course we said "no way, we're not



doing the picture with you." And that's when we took Lester (Richard) for the second picture.

We had the right to say "we're not picking you for the second picture." As you know twenty percent of Donner's was in the second picture and eighty percent was re-shot with Lester. At the end of the second picture which again was an enormous success we ended up with \$109 million of budget on the two pictures. We owed the bank \$60,000,000. Warner Brothers, of course, recouped all their money from the success. But we still carry the banks behind us. I really don't do it for the money but suddenly you say

Opposite page: A portrait of Producer Ilya Salkind. Above: *Superman* (Christopher Reeve) demonstrates a novel way of stopping the bus. Below: Helen Slater as Supergirl.



SUPER PRODUCER

THE INTERVIEW

► okay, the movie grossed rental, it did \$140 million worldwide. The second did about \$130 million world wide and we still owe \$15 million. This is where we ended up being because Warners was totally repaid for their advance, and of course the actors got their percentage. Everybody got their money except us and we ended up at the end of the two *Supermen* films owing that kind of money.

Now this is where *Supergirl* comes in. When we were discussing to do *Superman III*, because we had to do another picture to get out of the red, the only way, according to Alex who has a very good pragmatic and commercial mind, was to do another two pictures. Because with two pictures you still have more chance to cover the debt. Because you pre-sell the two pictures and you do them theoretically for slightly less than one picture, but that doesn't work as we saw in the first two *Superman* films.

I couldn't see how I was going to do a *Superman 3* and *4* at the same time because it was already so hard to do a third. Because it's very difficult to do sequels. Personally I don't like sequels. I've only been doing sequels because of all the horrific situations we've been in. What is a sequel? When it is establishing you know you're going to sell it before it has to prove anything. I said let's do *Supergirl* because we have the rights, and at least it's a new character.

Now, of course, I liked the idea of *Supergirl*, but I cannot say honestly, that I would have 'killed' to do that movie if I had a choice. But at least it was a little different, and I could do the movie with a different group of people. I wanted to prove to myself I could change everything. Director, co-producer, everything. And that's what we did. When I started doing *Supergirl*, I was working on *Superman 3* at the same time. While we were shooting *3*, we were in heavy preparation on *Supergirl*. And when we were on post-production on *3* we were shooting *Supergirl*.

I have never done that. It was a terrible, horrible experience! I won't do it again because, although I wouldn't say both pictures suffered, you still love both projects to a point where you get involved in them. It's very difficult.

When we met with Jeannot (Szwarc), we told him we're not doing *Superman 4*, but it is a fourth picture.

Why did you choose Szwarc for *Supergirl*?

Immediately we hit it off in many ways. He's also European which helps socially. I said, "look, we got to do what we can to have a personality to do this picture but



Above: Ilya Salkind with Helen Slater. Above right: *The Man of Steel* is zapped by a computer in *Superman III*. Below right: The three villains from *Superman II*.

we must never forget it's a fourth picture. Whatever we do people will say "Superman I was better, 2 was better," and with *Supergirl* they did it, because it was a sequel and it's easier to do. I knew that going in, because I knew why I was doing it. It was to get out of the problems.

I'm happy with *Supergirl* but I would not have done that picture now. I would have done it perhaps in three years.

You have all the rights to the DC comics, don't you?

We have all that. Even Superdog!

What about making Superdog?

Over my dead body! I don't think my real emotions are to do Superdog! But you know, it's a wonderful property if you like that kind of thing. But the point is that having said *Supergirl* was a fourth, we said what is the only way where we won't be killed by everybody? And then we came up with the fairy tale notion which the film has. We knew we wouldn't get the intellectuals with that film, and we knew we'd always get

compared with the other pictures, which happened!

Now, what is interesting we also felt, is the picture is not a feminist thing. Just a new hero; a hero which has been missing in general in films during the last five or ten years. It was a clean picture without heavy violence. I said this picture should make children happy. There is a soft connotation in the film. It worked out the way I wanted, I'm happy with the film.

I think Helen Slater will be a gigantic star. Not only in *Supergirl*. She's getting offers you couldn't believe. She's doing another picture already called *Legend*. Not Ridley Scott's *Legend*, another. They're going to change the title. After seeing *Supergirl* they took her immediately. It's a very good script which I read because I have a 'consultation' which she agreed to and I think it was wise. I can read her scripts and advise her although she can do what she wants. We have a very good rapport.

I never tried to use her and I gave her a much more intelligent deal than with Chris (Reeve), because with Chris I over-

paid him on the first picture which was absurd. Here she got very good money for the first film but then she has bonuses. And that's very fair.

What can you tell me about Santa Claus at this stage?

With *Santa Claus*, it's so easy because it's a first like *Superman I*.

It's hard to do in a strange way technically. You have to invent. You have to find things, but it's much easier creatively. The feedback is open. Anything you want. The only thing is to stick to a lie and not destroy the legend and not hurt what people think. But I can tell you already, *Santa Claus* will be good. People will say "hey, it's a first, wow! They have the courage to do it. Wow, they did it!"

David Newman wrote the script.

But Santa Claus was your idea?

Yes, I had the idea in 1975. But I wasn't ready for it then. I had too many problems. Now the miracle is, as soon as I mention *Santa Claus*, everybody goes crazy! And today it's the most pre-sold picture in the history of motion pictures. And the picture is already covered! We almost did fifty percent of the sales and then we just added Dudley Moore and director Jeannot (Szwarc) again.

Why did you use him again?

Because I like him. Because he did with *Supergirl* what could be done with *Supergirl*. He could not have done anything better there. His basic talent is much more in the *Santa Claus* feeling than in the comic book strips because *Santa Claus* is reality without being reality. Because it's a new notion in movies. You have a concept that is real. People say to children there is a *Santa Claus*. That's part of our culture. Now in the film we're going to follow that meaning which is



real. But you still have the fairy tale wonderful land of him—immortality and all that. But the fact that children in real life believe in him makes it real.

You're going back to the genesis?

Yes, how he originated. Why he became *Santa Claus*.

Why did he?

I'm not telling you. I won't tell you that! Look, the picture will be so honest. We're not trying to invent reasons, we're not trying to be clever, we're just trying to be simple. And we went through all the legends. We went through everything and we did a new story which is first based on everything. And I know the reactions of people who have read the script. It's very good. I've never in my life had a script which everybody has liked on the first reading. It's just unanimous. We explained why he became *Santa Claus*. We explained his motivations. We explained with the elves a lot of things of the magic. It's more than magic. It's the beautiful world. I mean the little bit of the never-never land of Peter Pan if you want. It's more a universal never-never land of Peter Pan, because Peter Pan's never-never land is a bit selfish. It's restricted to certain children. This is for all the children and I've never felt so relaxed. This picture is completely in tune with what I want to do.

Who's doing the special effects on Claus?

All those horrible problems we had on *Superman I* gave us one advantage. One of the best teams in the world who have followed us on the *Superman* films and *Supergirl*. And now of course all doing *Santa Claus*. Derek Meddings doing the models. Roy Fields doing the opticals. David Lane doing the flying. These guys are incredible 'pros'. They know every-





Will there really be flesh and blood flying reindeer?

Yes. The results you will have on that wonderful panavision screen—we have a different system than panavision which gives us a bit more depth inside—will be mind boggling. They will take off and you will see them going up and flying

thing. The mood of work is fantastic. We've known each other for so long. There is a mutual respect and really what they're doing here is beyond anything.

over the world and I think the effect of it—nobody can even imagine what it is yet!

When you start seeing the real reindeer you go gaga! That's something I've had now with about fifty people from important tough groups like merchandising people, lawyers, distributors etc. They come in and say "yeah, great, the picture looks terrific. We're going to make a lot of money from it." They see the reindeer and suddenly they become children. And they start reacting like happy people. Now that is with the toughest guys you can find. It's the best test you can get.

What kind of release do you plan for the picture?

A Christmas release. Simultaneous world-wide, by satellite—meaning the premiere. It's still far away but it could be in Greenland and the world will see the premiere at the same time. It's never been done.

It sounds as if the picture is going to work!

Well you learn a bit in the business! I think there's a chance the picture will open bigger than any picture in history. That's clear. If the picture is good without being a masterpiece, it will possibly be the biggest thing ever. We are not trying to make a masterpiece, we're just trying to make a good honest picture!

Are you going to continue with making

INDIANA JONES— ALIAS HARRISON FORD

Okay, we've got the message. In response to a flood of mail after we mentioned Ye Editor's extracurricular project, *The Harrison Ford Story* (1984, Zomba Books), we've arranged to mail order the book for the benefit of Ford fans who've had trouble tracking down a copy.

The Harrison Ford Story is a large format soft-cover book of 116 pages covering the career of *Indiana Jones* star Ford, from his first appearance on the big screen as a bellboy in *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round* (1966) right up to his triumph in the George Lucas/Steven Spielberg adventure epic *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

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sequels in the future?

I really don't think I'll do sequels anymore. I think after *Santa* I will shift to different films. Some will be big, some will be small.

What about Supergirl sequels?

I don't know! If the film does well, which seems to be the case, and *Supergirl* becomes really established... Of course it is tempting because there are a lot of things we could do better. Because on the second film we wouldn't be so dependent anymore on the *Superman* series. We have established something for her and we could forget all the comparisons. I mean it could really start totally in space and stay there! If somebody comes up with a tremendously good script and it's a 'Romeo and Juliet in space', it's an idea I have, I might do it.

At one point I had this idea of creating a new mosaic of inter-connecting pictures. And that I might do. There could be one or two more where *Superman* meets *Supergirl*. But I have so many other projects that are all fresh and new.

Is there a possibility of another *Superman* without Christopher Reeve?

I think you could replace Chris. If you found Chris, you'd find another guy. You replace Bond! But I'm just getting more interested in other things. I'm starting to be on my real level and my real level is not commercial! I mean I'm basically creative. I've learned enough to be com-



Left: Jackie Cooper as 'hard-boiled' *Daily Planet* Editor, Perry White, in *Superman*. Above: Dudley Moore (left), who will star as an elf in *Santa Claus*, with Ilia Salkind.

mercial and know what to do. If you feel creative, and if you can be creative, you have a contact with creative people that is very different when you are pragmatically commercial. Now I, strangely enough, have always managed to keep

that with them. I have a good rapport with Chris, with Helen, with the writers, with the directors – even Donner, because they feel I am also being creative, and not being obsessed by the money! But being obsessed by the movie. ■

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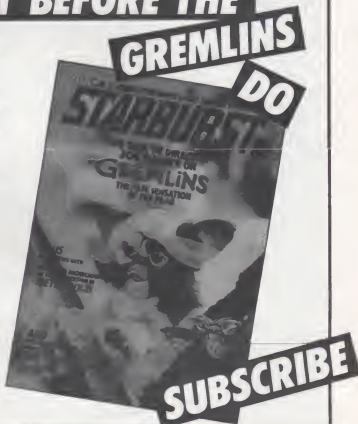
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The HOWLING *continues...*

STARBURST TALKS TO DIRECTOR PHILIPPE MORA



Feature by Alan Jones

A sinister cult with its base in Transylvania. An evil witch who transforms her ageing body into that of Sybil Danning. A young man seeking revenge on the killers responsible for the mysterious death of his sister. And Christopher Lee as an expert on the occult whose destiny lies in the 'dark' country.

The storyline for a new Hammer film, perhaps? Are A.I.P. back in business? No. These ingredients – and more – are promised by Parisien born director Philippe Mora when his latest fantasy picture comes to our screens in the New Year. It is the much anticipated sequel to Joe Dante's popular low budget hit, *The Howling*. But it won't be called *The Howling II* as the prepublicity suggests. According to Mora, "It will be something along the lines of *Apocalypse Werewolf: The Howling Rides Again*", he says, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mora – the godson of Marcel Marceau, incidentally – was raised in Melbourne and he founded the company which still publishes *Cinema Papers*, the Australian equivalent of *Screen International*. At first his film career looked destined to lie in the documentary area – he followed *The Double-Headed Eagle* with two David Puttnam productions, *Swastika* and *Brother Can You Spare a Dime*. But in 1976 he returned to Australia to direct *Mad Dog*, a violent historical saga starring Dennis Hopper. Since then he has directed *The Beast Within* – a quintessential exploitation picture featuring spectacular transformation special effects but let down by a routine Tom Holland script, and *The Return of Captain Invincible* – an intermittently amusing parody with one good Richard O'Brien song sung by Christopher Lee.

Philippe Mora now makes his debut in the Gothic horror genre with this current project and on a six-week location shoot in Czechoslovakia and a two week post-production stint in Los Angeles, he was only too eager to talk about the two million dollar sequel which he insists will share the same campy approach as the original.

There will be no prologue lifted from sequences in *The Howling*, although Mora and company do recreate the final climactic scenes to springboard Robert Sarno and Gary Brander's new screenplay. It begins at Dee Wallace's funeral and her brother (Reb Brown) has arrived in Los Angeles to avenge her death. There Stefan (Christopher Lee) informs him that his sister isn't really dead as the modern day werewolf has developed an immunity to the silver used for the bullets that according to legend are the only way to kill them. Together with Annie McEnroe they travel to Transylvania in an effort to stop Stirba, the Witch Queen (Sybil Danning), from ruling the werewolves that will reveal themselves on the night of an imminent configuration of planets. But there is something that Stefan hasn't told his travel-



Opposite page: Steve Brown as a greasy rocker ogles Marsha Hunt. Above: *Howling* sequel director Philippe Mora. Below: Stephen Parsons howls.

ing companions: he is also Stirba's brother and he has been plotting her destruction for many years. ... Or as Mora himself tells it, "Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn on their way to the planet of the werewolves! The impending Gotterdammerung of werewolves was my main contribution to the script as I felt there had to be a reason for the whole premise. The script of this film is what

you could call a minestrone one as there have been nine drafts of it altogether but I felt a big change was needed and the journey back to Transylvania – to the root of all horror so to speak – was perfect".

When *The Howling II* was first announced, Fritz Kiersch, the director of *Stephen King's Children of the Corn*, was listed as director. Mora says he knows nothing about this as



The HOWLING continues...

► Kiersch had left the project before he became involved. So how did he become involved? "By sheer coincidence," comes the reply, "I always felt that I could do more with a horror film than I'd achieved with *The Beast Within*. I was looking for an opportunity to go one step further. I had just finished a picture called *A Breed Apart* with Kathleen Turner and Rutger Hauer and it turned out that the same production company had the rights to this sequel and they asked me if I would like to do it. What became less important as the film progressed were the special effects as they have been somewhat done to death now. Unless you've got millions just to spend on the shape shifting school of special effects, they aren't going to work. I don't think people are going to expect that even though this is a sequel. We have a lot of effects people have never seen before but they are just one element of the film. *The Howling* was tremendous but I didn't honestly think the performances were too good. The special effects were the best thing in it. Hopefully what people will say about the new one is that the picture as a whole is good. What we're trying to achieve is something closer to *Alien* than a film like *I Spit on your Grave*, where good taste, a sense of style and an atmosphere are prevailing."

The prosthetic make-up team behind *The Howling 2* comprises three Americans, Jack Bricker, Steve Johnson and Scott Wheeler with a back-up group from Cosmekinetics who according to Mora have worked with everyone from Rick Baker to Stan Winston. So what exactly can we expect? "The first mammary transformation in the history of movies!", comes the cheerful reply. "We are going to use every single known technique going. We aren't restricting this to on-camera effects like *An American Werewolf in London* or *The Beast Within*. We will have



dissolves, cutaways, opticals and model animation. We are going to make the phony look fabulous by not showing too much because when you start examining something, it spoils it. We are not going to dwell on the gore aspect. Christopher Lee doesn't like it and neither do I as I think there is a very fine line between horror and disgust. Films fail when they get too intense and turn off the audience."



Apart from the stars already mentioned, *The Howling II* also features Marsha Hunt, Ferdy Mayne and Judd Omen. Putting the reigning King of Horror, Christopher Lee, with the Queen of Exploitation, Sybil Danning, certainly seems a step in the right direction, and Mora thinks so too. "They both have cult followings and I thought it would be interesting to use them. Of course I did *The Return of Captain Invincible* with Lee and not only is he the total professional, I also call him the self-focussing actor. If out of the corner of his eye he can see that the focus puller isn't really doing his job, he'll move back three inches and get into focus himself. He's wonderful and I have a lot of time for him. Remember too that he has never appeared in a werewolf picture before, so this is definitely one for the film buffs. He really sells the audience on the fantasy without ever going over the top. Only his convincing deadpan delivery can make you believe lines about the forces of evil and the 'dark' country of Transylvania. As for Sybil, well she's a thorough trooper. Nothing was too much trouble for her even when she developed an eye allergy to her make-up and we had to stop shooting her scenes for a week."

Jezeri Castle, situated near the Czech border with East Germany, was the location chosen by Mora to shoot such scenes as Stirba's coven celebrating their devil worship with sacrifices to their demon god while in the throes of an orgy of transformation, her emergence from the body of an old crone into a spectacular beauty and her inducement in bringing a hideous gargoyles to

life to attack her enemies. Czechoslovakia was chosen not because it was cheap, says Mora, but that it happened to be the perfect place. "When we saw the rich and sumptuous look we would be able to achieve with these remnants of the Hapsburg Empire, we had no choice. It has given the film a sheen of authenticity and a really rich subtexture. Werewolves originate from these areas and you really do get a sense of all those deep-seated myths when you wander through Golem Square and have drinks at the Golem Cafe. I wanted to capture precisely that dimension."

But there was a price to pay for all of this as Mora explains. "This is the toughest film I've ever had to make. It was murder from day one. Not only was the schedule really tight – it is about 14 weeks since I went to Czechoslovakia for the first time to me talking to you today – but we had three different crews. A Czech crew who couldn't speak English, a British camera crew and then there was the American side. Every department had to have an interpreter so it was an unusual pressure from start to finish as far as communication went. Normally a director hears everything that's going on unconsciously, so when something goes wrong it is really frustrating to have to wait for the interpreter before learning what it is. Having said that though, the cross-cultural exchange was fantastic. Our production designer gave it a lot of style and more imagination in the horror sense than, I suspect, a Western one would have done. Co-operation with the authorities has been excellent throughout too. I've been amazed at the ease with which we obtained permission to film in the real castles, dungeons and torture chambers."

One aspect which will make this film as much a success as its predecessor is, according to Mora, the research he did into what exactly a werewolf was. "I went into all this pretty deeply," he says, "An *American Werewolf in London* was incorrect in having him turn into a full wolf. The true origins of werewolves lie in the Tower of Babel when God said that all sinners shall no longer speak with a human tongue and he turned all the agnostics into people with wolf's heads so they could only howl. That is how the whole myth got entwined with Satanism and we've been trying to convincingly portray that in this film."

With *The Howling II* nearly in the can, next up for Philippe Mora is a project called *The Leonski Affair* about a G.I. murdering various women in wartime Melbourne. For now, even though the strain is showing; he is still in remarkably good spirits for an Australian Werewolf director lately of Prague. He imparts the words, "I think we have got all the ingredients right here. There is a tremendous market for these films because people do enjoy being scared. But nothing frightens people unless it is done well. I've either made a good film or a bad film. If it's good, people will like it and be entertained and that really is all I'm trying to do. I don't think there is a formula for what scares us but I remember all too well seeing the early Universal horror films when I was a kid and they really scared me. I want to recapture that feeling you got from the early *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* films as an adult."

Far left: "No pictures", says a chic Marsha Hunt. Left: Christopher Lee gets his own back for being staked so many times as Dracula. Below: Sybil Danning.



THE ROAD TO **DUNE** CONTINUED...



about the whole project. He's real happy with the film."

In eighteen months, Lynch delivered a first draft screenplay. After more than half-a-dozen revisions, De Laurentiis declared himself to be satisfied with the script. "I'd have deadlines," Lynch remembers, "then we'd have script conferences. Then, I'd go back to rewrite, and have more deadlines, and more script conferences! Then, during the scriptwriting period, we also started to design the picture. The Production Designer came on, the Costume Designer came on, etc. . . We started looking for

locations and started casting. During all this time, I had to be writing. It was plenty of work to do!"

For various practical reasons, Universal and De Laurentiis decided to shoot *Dune* at the Churubusco Studios in Mexico. The official budget of the film was set at \$30 million, but some other sources have hinted since that the figure might actually be closer to \$60 million!

In an interview with Carol Olten of the *San Diego Union*, Raffaella De Laurentiis said that cost was not the only reason for moving to Mexico, "You have to figure on something taking three times as long

as it might take in another place, but you do get it done. To shoot the picture someplace else would have taken four weeks less. In the building of the sets here, we have saved 50 percent, but that's the only area. The cost differences are not that great. Maybe, if you come here to do a regular modern movie, the picture will be cheaper. But with *Dune* we had to create a whole world and bring in entire crews, put them up in hotels and send them home when their marriages were breaking up. This takes a lot away from the cost effectiveness of cheaper labour. We decided to shoot



Below: Sting kicks out in a climatic fight.
Above right: Jurgen Prochnow as Duke
Leto with Dean Stockwell as Dr. Yeh.
Below right: Max Von Sydow as Dr. Kynes
surrounded by other *Dune* stars.



here before the peso was devalued. Nowhere else in the world are there eight stages where we could work. In England, we would have to use three studios to get this much space, even though to make the picture in either London or Los Angeles would have been prohibitive because of the labour costs. Also, here we have the desert only two hours away.

"It was the only place to make the film," confirms Lynch. "It was for pretty nearly every reason you can think of. When you realize all the things that the film needed, and you go around the world looking for different places, Mexico was the perfect place to make the film. We had seventy-five sets. We had eight giant soundstages that we filled twice. And the desert was right up the road!"

Was Lynch concerned about shooting in a country that has its own problems, both political and financial? "That makes it exciting!" he replies. "There's always something going wrong. There's always something happening, and always something to talk about. It's a fantastic world, really different. It's always good to see different things. Sometimes, it wasn't easy to make the film there, but I think that everyone had a great experience in Mexico."

Filming began on March 30, 1983. Frank Herbert was present, and it was he who gave the first clap of the clapboard. The shoot lasted for twenty-three weeks, finishing on September 20, but was followed by an extensive period of post-production, including the preparation of more special effects, of the music, and the mixing.

Since the beginning, *Dune* was surrounded by considerable secrecy, which only began to be lessened, when Universal invited a large number of exhibitors and members of the press to inspect the sets built at Churubusco. Numerous confidential memos from David Lynch, dated in June of 1982, attest to the curiosity surrounding the film. This, according to one memo, "is like steam in a giant boiler. It is already building up considerable pressure. Any leaks con-

cerning what we are doing on this project will decrease the curiosity factor and cause us to lose power. I beg you to keep this in mind."

Despite the precautions, confidential sources had in their possession a copy of Lynch's script, dated June 1982, which appears to be extremely faithful to Herbert's novel. It is, however, impossible to know how closely this draft resembles the final version of the film, since Lynch prefers not to comment on the story at this stage. The original intrigue has been made somewhat simpler through a refining process, yet all of

We were very true to the core of the book. To the mood. It's been a battle from day one. Even if many times people told us, "forget the book. It's a movie. . . ." You can forget the book to a certain extent, but you have to preserve its mood and its feel. I know that those millions of people that have read the book have probably visualised it in their head in such a way that nothing that is not what their vision of it is, is going to please them. This is something that we knew we were going to face when we started. It's difficult, very difficult, to try and do a movie out of this.

Raffaella De Laurentiis, Producer

its substance has been preserved. It seems as if few concessions to the general public have been made. Indeed,

a viewer not familiar with the novel might have some difficulty in following the flow of Lynch's screenplay. At the beginning, for example, a Guild Navigator mentions the names of the planets Ix and Rhesse (two Butlerian jihad), and that of Teilax (the planet of the Face Dancers and the twisted Mentats). These planets are familiar to Herbert's readers, but might create a certain sense of confusion amongst the uninitiated.

Conversely, however, Lynch's script clarifies the details of the plot against Duke Leo Atreides and his family. Jealous of the Duke's popularity, the Emperor is here, more clearly than in the novel, the instigator of the conspiracy, with Baron Harkonnen acting solely as his instrument. In fact, the character of the Baron is much less dominant in Lynch's script, than he is in Herbert's book. In any event, the plot remains the same: Exile from Caladan, arrival on Dune, the treason of Dr. Yueh, the Harkonnen's victory, Paul's adolescence with the Fremen, the final attack on Arrakeen, etc. . .

Certain scenes, most likely due to time consideration, have been left out. Fans, for instance, might regret the absence of the famous banquet scene, that takes place shortly after the Atreides arrival on Dune, and during which Paul and his father lead a verbal duel with some of



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THE ROAD TO DUNE

Arrakis' notables. Also missing in Lynch's screenplay is a character dear to the hearts of *Dune*'s fans: Count Hasimir Fenring, personal assassin of the Emperor, and "kwizatz haderach" eunuch. Although it is true that Fenring is a minor character in the book, the final scene where the Emperor demands that Fenring kill Paul, and where the Count refuses after sensing the almost-fraternal bond that unites him to the young hero, is one of the most memorable in the book. Finally, the Bene Gesserit's role is left relatively unmentioned, in favour of that of the Navigators' Guild, which is portrayed in the screenplay as the occult entity which manipulates both the Emperor and the events of the film.

Lynch's screenplay opens with the Emperor expecting, and dreading, the visit of a Third Stage Guild Navigator. The description of the Guild Navigators, and how they function, is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding changes brought by Lynch. In his script, Lynch divides the Guild into First, Second, Third and Fourth Stage Navigators. At the beginning, hundreds of Second Stage Navigators descend from a Guild ship. They are humanoids with eyes that are entirely blue (an effect of the absorption of spice, which gives longevity and precognitive abilities, enabling them to guide ships into hyperspace), dressed in spacesuits containing an orange, spice-based gas, or "melange". They accompany a Third Stage Navigator to a secret meeting with the Emperor. During this encounter, the deaths of the Atrides are sealed. The Third Stage Navigator is transported inside a huge, black metal tank which is more than forty feet long. On the tank are various valves, and regulating instruments. Chemicals drip and spill from underneath the box.

Guidemen were not described in great detail in *Dune* (the novel), but one similar to Lynch's picture appeared in *Dune Messiah*. Obviously the product of mutations caused by a life in the spice-filled atmosphere, the Third Stage Navigator bears little resemblance to a human being. In the script, it is described as "a cross between a pasty, pale human being and a fleshy grasshopper. The creature is over twenty feet long... His head is enormous, almost four feet high and very fleshy, like a huge grasshopper head - the eyes are totally blue. His voice is a high, fleshy whispering, and an intricate, electrical apparatus in the front of the tank translates what he says into English and broadcasts it into the room."

The Fourth Stage Navigators, which are even more monstrous, the script carefully hides their exact nature. Their presence is first suspected when, conforming to the Emperor's orders, the



Atrides fleet, composed of 3,415 spaceships, leaves Caladan to go and take possession of Arrakis. One of the Guild's giant starships appears and, with its immense, articulated arms, seizes the Atrides' vessels one after the other and arranges them in its hold (which already contains thousands of other space vessels, en route to various other points in the universe). The size of the Guild's ships is such that it defies comprehension.

The scene then changes to the spaceship's two-thousand-foot high control room. There, swimming in a spice-filled atmosphere, twenty Third Stage Navigators and a hidden Fourth Stage Navigator, hover around a six-dimensional, layered miniature replica of the entire Universe. The Navigators make odd noises, and electrical currents come from them, manipulating the miniature Universe. As the Navigators continue to make sounds, there is a sudden, huge roar and the Universe begins to curve into a 'U' shape. The Navigators glow in a blue light. The ship's passengers also find themselves glowing with the blue light. Thus begins the voyage into hyperspace. Towards the end of the film, anticipating Paul's son's mutation

in *God-Emperor of Dune*, the Fourth Stage Navigators are revealed to be giant, 500 foot long, pale worms with humanoid faces.

Lynch's interpretation of Herbert's universe is certainly not as radical as Jodorowsky's, however it is no less personal.

In order to bring Lynch's vision to life, 75 sets had to be built on the eight soundstages of Churubusco Studios. The largest blue screen ever constructed (35 feet high by 108 feet long) was put onto one of the stages for front projection. Besides Gedi Prime and the interiors of the Guild spacecraft, other sets included the Emperor's throne room, the Arrakeen palace, etc... A special colour code was conceived to both avoid confusion and better individualize each decor. For example, the throne room gives the appearance of having been constructed of gold and jade. It is decorated with superb mosaics mixing Roman, Aztec, Moorish and Venetian styles. The decors of the planet Dune itself, were done predominantly in black and sand. Dune's inhabitants, the nomadic Fremen, live in immense, subterranean caverns that have been carved from rock with the use of lasers. The



Top: Sian Phillips as The Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam and José Ferrer as The Padishah Emperor Shaddam IV. Above: Dr Kynes (Max von Sydow) guides the ornithopter carrying Gurney Halleck (Patrick Stewart), Paul Atrides (Kyle MacLachlan) and Duke Leto Atrides (Jürgen Prochnow).

THE ROAD TO DUNE

► idyllic ambiance of the Atreides' Caladan was created with splendid underwater forests, and palaces with walls of beautifully polished wood. The Baron's oily, black world uses Victorian architecture, created with forged metal.

The sets were conceived under the direct supervision of Lynch and Production Designer, Tony Masters. Masters is known for his work on such films as *2001, Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Deep*. "In *Dune*," Lynch explains, "there are mostly four planets that are important to the story. To get them so that they were different, and real at the same time, took a real long time. All the things that you saw within each of these worlds had to fit logically in that world, and feel right. Tony started working six months before we started shooting. We changed things three or four times before we locked into a final design. Then, Bob Ringwood, who designed the costumes (he worked on *Excalibur*), had to design them within the set rules of each world. The props and everything else also had to obey the same rules. Once we got the worlds right, and certain other key things, every body tuned in one that, and we were all set to go. Things would just come out by themselves, and they *felt* just all right! It was a fantastic thing, like *discovering* them."

"I believe that, even if a film takes place in the real world, you should concentrate on all these things anyway, because every detail is important... So, in a way, it's not that much more work than if you were really particular about every prop in a real film."

Dune's exteriors were filmed in and around Mexico City. The parking lot of the Azteca Stadium served as a landing field; a 100 by 300 foot reservoir (to portray the Fremen's secret water reserves) was built in a hangar in Iztapalapa; a lava wall, 65 feet high, was erected at Las Aguilas Rojas. As for the numerous scenes representing the surface of Dune itself, these were shot in one week in the Salamayuca desert, near Juarez. In order to make the desert as close as possible to the barren, lifeless Dune, it was completely cleared of all traces of plants and other organic matter before each take.

Filming *Dune* called for the services of 600 people, 105 of whom were "imported" from the United States. There were also between 10 and 15,000 Mexican extras for some of the scenes! One of the more disagreeable consequences of shooting in Mexico were the conflicts with the Mexican administration. For example, special cameras for use in the filming of effects sequences were imported by Gregory Gorman and David Jacobson. These were confiscated by Mexican officials. After intervention by the U.S. Ambassador, the two techni-



cians were able to leave the country with their equipment, but having been unable to use the cameras on necessary scenes.

The impressive special effects required by Lynch's script were another problem. At one point, for example, the script calls for the landing on Dune of 3,415 Atreides vessels in rows of 50! John Dykstra (*Star Wars*, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *Firefox*), was hired to create this, and other effects. But, after many months of work, he resigned in June 1983. Dykstra cited the usual "creative differences" between himself and the producers as the cause for his departure. Van Der Veer Technical Effects was then asked to work on the film. Now they, along with Albert Whitlock (*The Birds*, *Ghost Story*), who will create the many matte paintings needed in the film, have joined with Carlo Rambaldi to handle the necessary effects. Rambaldi (*King Kong*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *E.T.*) is creating the giant worms of Dune. He has also been asked to create the Guild Navigators.

Although the giant worms (Shai Hulud) are said to attain 400 feet in length, Rambaldi designed a reduced model of the creature, which was then

built by technicians in Mexico. A 50-foot version, composed of foam rubber pieces, was assembled for the scene where Paul Atreides catches and rides the worm.

"It was a different experience," says Lynch of having to work with extensive special effects, "but in every shot of *Eraserhead*, there was all sorts of rigging, even though it was on a small scale. On *The Elephant Man*, there were things that didn't seem like effects, but were. You get used to these things. With *Dune*, there's just way, way more of them! I'd never done 'blue screen' before, or 'hanging miniatures'. We had every kind of technique going. There was totally an international crew."

Also working on the technical aspects of the film are Kit West (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Return of the Jedi*), who handled the mechanical effects, and Kiyoshi Yamazaki (*Conan*, *Beastmaster*), who supervised the combat sequences.

To serve as Director of Photography, Lynch chose Freddie Francis, with whom he had already collaborated on *The Elephant Man*. Francis has worked with many of the great British directors on other fantasy films such as *Torture Garden*, *Dracula Has Risen From The*



Top: The Padishah Emperor has an audience with the Spacing Guild Navigator. Above: Francesca Annis as Lady Jessica, mother of Paul Atreides (Kyle MacLachlan).

Grave, Asylum, Tales From the Crypt, The Ghoul, Legend of the Werewolf, etc. . . "Freddie's philosophy," Lynch recounts, "is that he tries to get inside the director's mind, find out what he's looking for, and give it to him. On *Dune*, he used this thing called Light Flex. It's a thing that sits on the front of the lens and is like a filter, but it's not a filter. It's sort of like pre-flashing the film and gives a unifying glue to everything. It's very subtle. It brings up shadows, and you can see into shadows with it. You can subtly add colour with it to a scene. But, unlike a filter, it only affects the shadows, and the highlights stay white. They don't turn colour. It does a lot of different other things too. It makes the prints that are shot off the inter-negative better. It seems to go through second generation better. They don't build up so much contrast. You can use it subtly, or not so subtly if you want. Freddie likes it because it's just a subtle little difference to everything."

For the all important role of Paul Atreides, Lynch and the De Laurentiis' chose Kyle McLachlan, a young newcomer. Oddly, McLachlan has been a fan of *Dune* since he was fourteen and re-reads the book every year. In a recent interview he said, "I can't imagine a character with whom I'm more familiar."

"We found him (McLachlan)," explains Lynch, "and we were very lucky to find him. For unknowns, you always figure the guy must be handsome, but he probably can't act worth a nickel and you'll have to walk him through it. Kyle is a great actor. He's going to go places. He's got a real good quality on the screen, and he can act. He's got all the qualities that Paul had to have. If he'd been a famous actor, we would have picked him anyway. Only one person could play Paul. Only one person was going to be picked to play him. And, for Kyle to be picked from a fairly obscure place on the planet, and having loved the book, it's like reaching into a barrel and picking out a winning number."

The other actors are: on the side of the 'good guys', Jurgen Prochnow of *Das Boot* and *The Keep* in the role of Duke Leo Atreides; Max Von Sydow (*The Exorcist*, *Flash Gordon*, *Conan the Barbarian*) as the rebel ecologist, Liet Kynes; Francesca Annis (*Krull*) as the Lady Jessica; Sean Young (*Blade Runner*) in the role of Chani, Paul's young Fremen wife; Everett McGill (*Quest for Fire*) as Stilgar, the Fremen chief; Freddie Jones (*The Elephant Man*) as the Atreides Mentat, Thufir Hawat; Richard Jordan (*Raise the Titanic*) as Duncan Idaho; Paul Stewart as weapons masters Gurney Halleck; and Oscar-winner, Linda Hunt (*The Year of Living Dangerously*) as the Fremen domestic, the Shadout Mapes.

The 'villains' are portrayed by: Kenneth MacMillan (*Eyewitness*) as Baron Harkonnen; Jose Ferrer as the Emperor; Dean Stockwell (*The Dunwich Horror*) as the treacherous Dr Yueh; Rock star Sting (*Brimstone and Treacle*) as Feyd Rautha



Sting as the evil Feyd-Rautha of House Harkonnen.

and Paul Smith as 'Beast' Rabban, the Baron Harkonnen's two nephews; Brad Dourif as Piter De Vries, Harkonnen's evil Mentat; Sian Phillips as the Reverend Mother Mohiam of the Bene Gesserit and Silvia Mangano (Raffaella De Laurentiis' own mother!) as the Reverend Mother Ramallo; Judd Omen as the Fremen warrior Jamis; and finally, Jack Nance as Nefud, the commander of the Baron's guard.

If *Dune* is a success, Lynch has contracted to do two more films in the saga, after his current projects, *Blue Velvet*, a mystery, and *Ronnie Rocket*, an oddball SF picture. "If *Dune* goes over, I'll do *Dune II* and *Dune III*," he explains, "and they'll be done back-to-back. Raffaella will be the producer again, and hopefully a lot of the same team will come back. Right now, I'm writing the script for *Dune II*."

"*Dune II* is totally *Dune Messiah*, with variations on the theme. *Dune III* is the one that's going to be trouble for me. I'm not wild about *Children of Dune*, and I want to read it again and see what kind

of ideas I get. I want to get to the point where I'm really dying to do it. *Dune Messiah* is a very short book, and a lot of people don't like it. But, in there are some really nifty ideas. I'm real excited about that, and I think it could make a really good film. It starts twelve years later and this creates a whole new set of problems. It's a kind of thing unto itself. The whole place where the characters live is now different. It's the same location, but everything has changed. And it should have a different mood. . . It should be twelve, strange years later."

Lynch's words as he prepared for the release of a film that most fans had been expecting for almost twenty years: "I live in total fear. But there's nothing I can do about it! I never like anything I do. It always falls short of what was basically a spark in the beginning. Nothing is ever right. That's just the way it is for me, and it's too bad, but there's nothing I can do about it! It's hell to be like that. I guess one day, maybe, a person could make a perfect film that would just work for you one hundred percent."

THE LAST STARFIGHTER

Feature by Tony Crawley

I have my doubts about *The Last Starfighter* – think it best to get that view out of the way straight away. Much the same as with *Krull*. To be more particular, there is a touch, maybe a smell – hopefully more of a sniff than a stench – of *Tron* to this one. So, I hear you exclaim, how come it was made?

Well, in essence, that decision can be put down to a new Hollywood game. It's called: Waiting for Spielberg...

For the moment, Universal Studios – where *E.T.* still makes a fortune with his Earth Centre shop stuffed full of souvenir goodies for the tourists – seems to be on hold. The Universal folk have time on their hands. (They probably need it to count the *E.T.* movie lolly). What they're really doing is awaiting the next mega-movie. Oh, they know where it's coming from. Not when... They're waiting, in short, for the maestro to come on home and get on with a film without Indiana Jones, George Lucas, Joe Dante or the brothers Warner.

Until the day of *E.T.* it dawns – and like, what's the rush, apart from the dust settling on Melissa Mathison's script – Universal have got to keep the money flowing in. So they sign up Mel Gibson for a movie. They nab their tele-favourite Jim Garner. And okay another Burt Reynolds directs Burt Reynolds caper.

Fine, but what about space...? Yeah, well, they just can't let go of space.

Enter Lorimar Productions. Now, Lorimar have this space yarn, pretty good, too, they'd kinda like to share the load, fellas...



Fine. Fine. A co-production is set up with Universal and *The Last Starfighter* gets the green light.

It's the second film directed by Nick Castle, John Carpenter's old mate from way back to *The Resurrection of Bronco Billy*, which won them an Oscar in 1970. (Nick was the masked shape in *Halloween*, too, of course as well as scripting *Escape from New York*.) For his production designer, he called up Ron Cobb, the one-time Disney animator, L.A. Free Press cartoonist and Burbank mailman, whose interest in movies work was revived with *Dark Star* and since been applied to *Alien*, *Conan* and five of the cantina aliens in *Star Wars*.

Then, just to give it all a Universal sheen and seal of approval, Jim Bissel, or James D. as he is on the credits, who provided his facility with the other kind of space by designing the *E.T.* film, turned Cobb's designs into real sets. "Without any exaggeration, they surpassed my expectations," says Ron.

So – everything's looking pretty good on the storyboards. Yet the film is a gamble. It has more than a touch of the dreaded *Tron*, as I say. Our hero is a video-games' master transported into a fantasy world to become the space hero of the title. At least, he's not in the game. He's not even in our world anymore. He's up yonder protecting the Star League of Planets from its enemy, the KO-DAN.

Obviously, the connections are many and various, and nearly all owned up to by the film-makers. They don't mention *Lord of the Rings*, *The Niebelungenlied*, itself, never mind *The Odyssey* (Homer's or George Lucas'), but they list enough.

Producer Gary Adelson talks of the film's sensitive human element with the hero's fear and yearning to return home, "much like Dorothy in *Oz*." Co-producer Edward O. Denault (he used to be an assistant director on the *Twilight Zone* series) summarises the plot as "a kind of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table in space; also like a Brothers Grimm story – wonderfully magic escapism."

And the real source of it all, debuting scripter Jonathan Betuel regards his hero's space trip as being much akin to Alice's into Wonderland – "with Centauri as the extra-terrestrial white rabbit."

It's on his latest recruiting trip to our planet, that Centauri plucks up our teen hero – Lance Guest, 23, as the 18-year-old Alex. The very video game he's so brilliant at – *Starfighter*, what else? – is a plant, a trainer to test the prowess of



earthlings. The real winners at this game get the big prize – a visit from Centauri in his car-space-ship and a trip to the stars.

The producers settled on Nick Castle as director after viewing his funny debut, *Tag*. He found Lance Guest in much the same way. "His was the first name I wrote down on my list after seeing him in *Halloween II*," says Nick. "He possesses the qualities I wanted – a kind of innocence, shyness, yet determination."

"I see Alex as a kid with potential," comments Lance, "but his socio-economic environment is holding him back. He wants to move on, make something of himself. When he suddenly finds himself whisked off earth – out of his realm, where he knows what *is* reality – every single thing amazes him about outer space. Yet, with all the excitement of being a Starfighter and flying about the universe, there's still present the honest human emotion. The fear and the wanting to return home to his family."

Like *E.T.*, in fact, being a hero for Alex might be fun, but it isn't all easy.

"Lance is a good enough actor," says Nick Castle. "to play a dual role in the same scene – that of Alex and his substitute robot double, which covers his absence on earth." Which idea, if nothing else, helps to keep Alex's girl, Catherine Mary Stewart, in the picture longer than one might first expect. "Not even an inter-galactic war can keep these two apart," she says.

The third key role is played by veteran Dan O'Herlihy. His features are masked throughout the film as a lizardy-type humanoid alien. He's the navigator of Alex's Gun Star ship – "a cross between George Patton and a well-bred Englishman," thinks Dan, "in relation to Alex, he's as Merlin was to King Arthur."

A selection of scenes from The Last Starfighter – directed by Nick Castle and starring Lance Guest (below, and with Robert Preston far left) – featuring a galaxy of 'alien' design.





Above: Lance Guest and Catherine Mary Stewart, the young stars of *The Last Starfighter*. Below: *Centuri's* (Robert Preston) inter-space car rests in the Rylan garage after a quick trip to Earth.

Ron Cobb designed the aliens and chose make-up man Terry Smith to bring them to life. Terry served his apprenticeship in sculpting mould-making and prosthetics under the great John Chambers (*Planet of the Apes*). His screen credits include *Logan's Run* (1976) and *S.O.B.* (1981).

"We had an enormous amount of aliens to be made," declares Ron Cobb, "especially for the Star League assembly scene. And then most of our main characters required very specialised alien appearances. Terry's appliances are not just simple rubber masks. They're complicated, complex mechanisms. If they are to have a semblance of reality, there must be muscle, tentacle, eye and mouth movement or whatever's required of them. Terry Smith is but one of the few artists in this business with the talent and expertise to create such authenticity."

Cobb toiled just as hard on the movie's costuming. "I wanted to get away from that old science fiction mould. I was adamant about having a very different unique look." He brought in costume designer Robert Fletcher and was, once more, knocked out with the results. "He improved upon the initial designs."

Ron Cobb worked closely with John Betuel in translating the script into visual interpretations: aliens, space craft, command centres and various elements of the universe. Cobb praised the scenario, itself, in allowing him to take, even risk, new avenues in his designs. "I drew on reality rather than the endless extension of old science fiction films," he says. "This, so to speak, tended to allow me to create some truly novel ideas."

For a film that flies so loftily into the heavens, it began very much down to earth – June 8, 1983 – with locations of Alex's home. A trailer park in Solodad Canyon. The more elaborate Cobb and Bissell sets – the Rylos hangar and landing tunnel, the KO-DAN command ship and the huge mock-up of the Gun Star, with its special rotating seat designed by SPFX supervisor Kevin Pike – were then being readied on the stages at the MGM studios.

Another film – another challenge – for cinematographer King Baggott. "In addition to filming the extensive special effects, there was also the process work to be integrated with the computer simulation scenes," he explains. "That required precision lighting. Overall, our concern was creating a rather unique atmospheric look to the picture. To give the viewer the sense of being in space." To do so, King selected Panavision's anamorphic process for added dimension and he ordered a VistaVision camera for the effects. "That process shoots horizontally, producing a double-size negative and impeccable images," notes King.

The real challenge for *The Last Starfighter* team were the computer simulations. In all, Nick Castle and his main cohorts spent a full year planning each stage of the movie; none more so that the components that would be added to the film in the work carried out by Digital Productions' computer sims.



This, too, is where the associate producer came in. John Whitney Jr. is also Digital's president. "We're presenting a new level of realism never before achieved in computer-generated special effects for motion picture. Utilising our CRAY IS/1000 Super Computer and sophisticated software, we're producing simulated scenes which will suspend the audience's ability to discern the difference between the live-action inter-cut with the photographically realistic computer simulation."

Whitney, and his partner Gary Demos, are not alone in such stentorian hype of their company's work.

"After seeing Digital's test footage," says Nick Castle, "it gave me an incredible perspective on how different many of the scenes would be shot devoid of the standard photographic format. It was revolutionary!"

"Never before," adds Ron Cobb, "have I had the luxury of working within such a three-dimensional space of creativity."

And last word from the man who brought the film to Universal, Gary Adelson ... "The computer graphics for this film have a seven-and-a-half times greater resolution than has been seen before. Some of the effects were actually shot before any of the live photography ... There's a full year of work on the special effects alone. That's about all I can tell you."

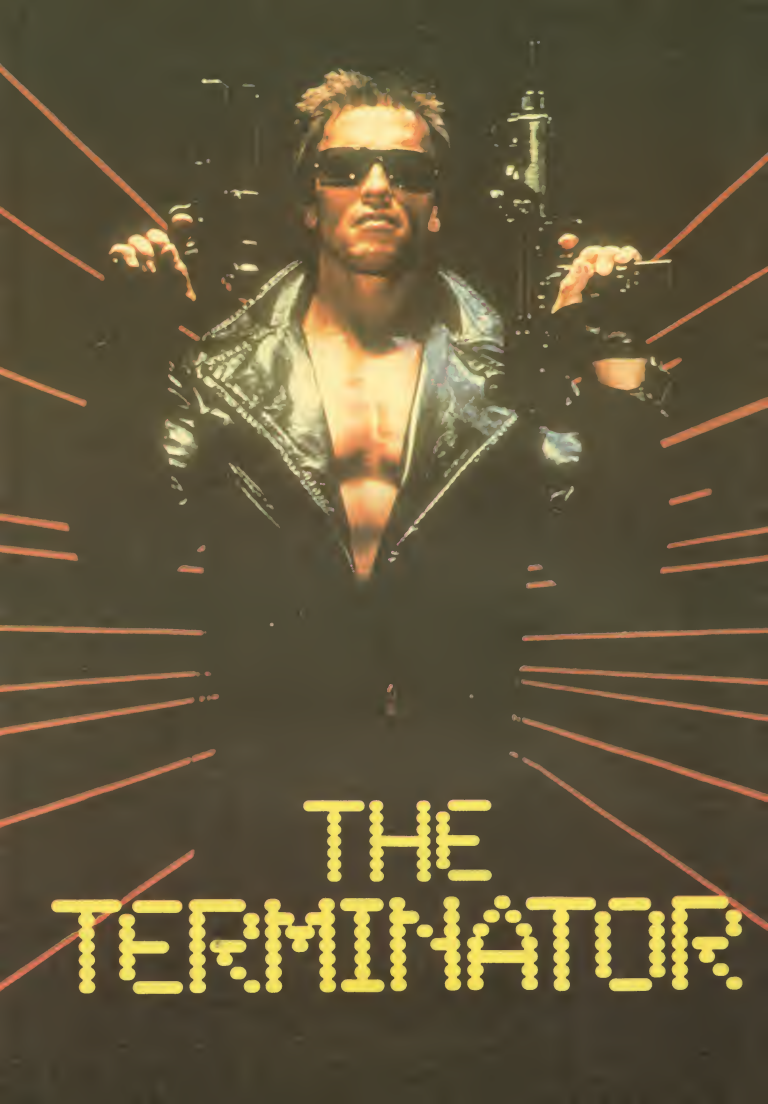
That's more than enough. Now it's up to the film to tell us the rest.



Left: Alex Rogen plays *The Last Starfighter* video game. Above: The lizard-like navigator Grig (Dan O'Hairlhy). Below: A hanger, on the planet Rylos, filled with the towering "Gun Stars" (armed spaceships).



Digital Space Simulation (dss) is a digital production company, Los Angeles, CA. © 1984. All Rights Reserved.



THE TERMINATOR

Review by Alan Jones

The Terminator is a cinematic dynamo. It's a powerhouse sci-fi action adventure which is undeniably the most thrill-packed movie-going experience for ages.

From the nuclear war-torn future of 2029, a cyborg – part man, part machine – (Conan's Arnold Schwarzenegger), is sent back to present day Los Angeles to kill a young woman, (Children of the Corn's Linda Hamilton), whose life could alter the course of history. Her unborn son is the next century's hope against the computer technology that rebelled, wanting all human life exterminated. Opposing the Terminator's deadly mission is one of this impending revolution's leading guerillas, (The Fan's Michael Biehn), who emerges through the same time warp in order to protect the intended victim and unknowingly play a major role in the future destiny of Earth. Meanwhile a baffled police force are confronted with two unconnected killings until they realise that the murdered women share the same name and follow each other in the telephone directory.

The Terminator generates high premium excitement from the opening frame onwards. And it is maintained right up until the nerve-jangling climax that will leave you limp in your seat. The reasons for this are quite simple: – the script is witty and well written, the direction superb with a nice eye for sharp detail and it's hard action all the way with no boring exposition to drag it down. And, it must be said, that for a time warp drama, *The Terminator* is extremely well thought out – or could it be that it just moves so quickly, you don't even have a second to consider any flaws?

Schwarzenegger says very little and moves with a determined menace in every step. The result is perfect casting

Opposite page: Arnold Schwarzenegger in a publicity pose. Right: The Terminator repairs himself. Below left: Dick Miller is threatened by the cyborg. Below right: The Terminator in action.



and, needless to say, his best acting assignment to date. Linda Hamilton scores heavily as the bewildered waitress who changes from frightened vulnerability to gaining a subtle strength in the knowledge that she could be the saviour of mankind in a touching and affecting way. But it is Michael Biehn's high octane purposefulness that is *The Terminator's* major asset. You won't have seen a performance quite like this in the fantasy field since Michael Moriarty in *Q. The*

Winged Serpent.

It's hard to believe that director James Cameron's last outing was the truly awful *Piranha II* considering the flair and all-stops-out visual dynamism contained here.

The Terminator just can't be faulted. The miniature and optical effects are a bit dicey admittedly, but it doesn't matter. They are more than made up for by Stan Winston's gorgeously gory prosthetic cyborg make-up. Schwarzenegger

operating on his sight mechanism is a real eye-opener! And the stop-motion work by Peter Kleinow is outstanding. It is he who single-handedly keeps the metallic skeleton coming at you long after you expect it and its climactic impact is *The Terminator's* most memorable feature.

Films rarely come faster and more furious than *The Terminator*. It should not be missed on any account and is already a contender for the film of 1985. ■

—STARBURST— FILM REVIEWS

THE LAST STARFIGHTER

*"Likeable enough... too
derivative to be wholly
satisfying."*

*A Starburst Film Review
by Alan Jones*

Too derivative to be wholly satisfying, *The Last Starfighter* nevertheless manages to draw some charm from its two-dimensional characters. *Star Trek* aliens mix with *Star Wars* inspired dog-fights against a backdrop of *Tron*-like computer visuals as the film plods towards an *E.T.* copy-cat ending. All to the accompaniment of a John Williams style score, of course.

The result makes *The Last Starfighter* an exasperating experience as the

unoriginality on show fails to grip on most levels all the way down the line to its predictable conclusion.

Lance Guest plays the teenage video game whiz kid who accidentally finds himself singlehandedly saving the universe for real from the evil clutches of the Xur and Ko-Dan armada.

Likeable enough, apart from Dan O'Herlihy's lizard character Grig and some fun moments with an android double of Guest, *The Last Starfighter* takes ages to attain lift off and is pretty unimaginative when it does. Some will find the message behind the film — transparent as it is — a positive inspiration. Most will probably be left hoping that the title is indeed a prophetic one, as the truly excellent special effects are blunted by the equally computerised storyline.

Starring: Lance Guest (as Alex Rogan), Dan O'Herlihy (Grig), Robert Preston (Centauri), Catherine Mary Stewart (Maggie).

Directed by: Nick Castle. **Screenplay by:** Jonathan Betuel. **Photography by:** King Baggot. **Production design by:** Ron Cobb.



REPO MAN

A Starburst Film Review
by John Brosnan

"... One of the most
bizarre, off-beat and
hilarious sf movies I've
ever seen."

You see, there's this lobotomised scientist who's escaped from a top secret establishment with some dead extra-terrestrials in the boot of his '64 Chevy Malibu. And even though they're dead the aliens give off a weird glow that can zap people out of

their shoes whenever the boot is opened. But the scientist's problems really start when the car gets stolen...

Repo Man is a hard movie to categorise. On one level it's a sort of realistic look at the profession of car repossession as practised in America (realistic because the writer-director Alex Cox worked as a contract driver for a Los Angeles repossession company). It reminded me of a Canadian movie called *Skip Tracer*, which was also about a young man who gets involved in the repossession game. But mixed up with this naturalistic storyline is this crazy send-up of a 1950s science fiction movie plus *Kiss Me Deadly* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Because it doesn't fit easily into any particular slot it may not appeal to everyone, especially as Cox keeps pulling the rug out from under your expectations ev-



ery time he sets up what appears to be a familiar situation but personally I found it to be very enjoyable indeed. It's definitely one of the most bizarre, off-beat and hilarious sf movies I've ever seen - it's the kind of movie that might have resulted if the late Philip K. Dick had ever written a screenplay for Roger Corman...

And speaking of writing I see from the production notes that the Liverpool-born director won, for an earlier movie (an experimental short), the Jack Nicholson Screenwriting Award. A good omen if there ever was one.

The cast in *Repo Man* are also good, including Harry Dean Stanton - who seems to be in as many movies as Nastassja Kinski these days - and Emilio Estevez who plays the leading character, Otto; the young man who be-

comes the Repo Man of the title after losing both his job and his girlfriend in the same day. I thought Estevez bore an uncanny resemblance to Martin Sheen and was subsequently informed by *Starburst* writer Alan Jones that Estevez is Sheen's son. I'm sure he's right but it was Alan who told me that there were dinosaurs in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*...

Starring: Harry Dean Stanton (*Bud*), Emilio Estevez (*Otto*), Tracey Walter (*Miller*), Olivia Barash (*Leila*), Sy Richardson (*Lite*), Susan Barnes (*Agent Rogersz*).

Written and directed by Alex Cox. Photography by Robby Muller. Art Directors: J. Rae Fox, Linda Burbank. Theme Song by Iggy Pop. An Edge City Production for Universals.



ICEMAN

"Brave... beautifully
photographed... dreary
labour of love."

A Starburst Film Review
by Alan Jones

of the past no-one - either before the cameras or behind - seems to know quite what to do with him and this marking time makes the film a dreary labour of love for all concerned. Mad-deningly a lot of really interesting threads are left hanging but no amount of authentic evolutionary jargon can manage to defrost the straining credibility. *Iceman* is a brave but fatally flawed attempt to highlight certain scientific responsibilities.

On the plus side however, it is beauti-

fully photographed by Ian Baker and there is a fantastic performance from John Lone as the title character in effectively restrained make-up by Michael Westmore. The twist in *Iceman* is that here he is portrayed as a nice, regular guy proud of his family and not the obvious savage other lesser motivated movies might have us believe.

But it must be said that the subject matter did deserve better than this overblown production can give it de-

spite the fact that everyone's heart was so blatantly in the right place. *Iceman* searches for significance but will all its inconsistencies, it left me cold.

Starring: Timothy Hutton (*as Dr Stanley Shepherd*), Lindsay Crouse (*Dr Diane Brady*), John Lone (*Charlie, the Neanderthal*), Josef Sommer (*Whitman*).

Directed by Fred Schepisi. Screenplay by Chip Proser and John Drimmer. Music by Bruce Smeaton. Produced by Patrick Palmer and Norman Jewison. Photographed by Ian Baker. Make-up by Michael Westmore.

It's easy to applaud the thought-provoking sentiment behind Fred Schepisi's humanistic fantasy, *Iceman*. It centres on the discovery of a 40,000 year old Neanderthal man who is found frozen in an Arctic glacier and the conflict which develops when it is learned that he can be revived. Lindsay Crouse sees the *Iceman* as the perfect showcase for her cryogenic preservation theory, while bland anthropologist, Timothy Hutton, sees him as the road to greater understanding of man's genesis.

It all ends fairly predictably, of course, with the *Iceman* dying in a suitably enigmatic way. And this is precisely the problem with the picture - one of this year's biggest box-office failures. Once the *Iceman* is melted out



VIDEO FILE

Reviews by Barry Forshaw

Question: Are you an admirer of a. John Landis, b. Jamie Lee Curtis, c. Jack Arnold's 50's S.F. movies, d. Universal studio monsters from *Frankenstein* to *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*?

If the answer is yes to any or all of the above, you must not miss *Coming Soon* (CIC), a marvellously entertaining compendium of Universal trailers edited by John Landis and narrated by Janet Leigh's comely daughter (a favourite, I know, of all *Starburst* readers). This includes (amidst much wonderfully wild hyperbole) excerpts from both the well-known classics as well as little-seen titles such as *The Mole People* and *Curucu - Beast of The Amazon* - the former looking interesting, the latter looking a real Golden Turkey. Landis has also included Hitchcock's beautifully witty conducted tour around the *Psycho* house and motel ("An important clue was found down there," Hitch says while pointing down a toilet bowl), and there's footage of Spielberg directing *E.T.*, alongside the thunderous exhortations to "See savage, primitive terror - man-eating wood-lice, etc".

My only complaint? The whole thing just seemed too short! Incidentally, CIC's other releases include Coppola's *Rumblefish*, shot in very striking black and white, and the movie of Cyra McFadden's brilliant satirical novel, *The Serial*.

TASTELESS

It's curious how often an international co-production (particularly one that involves more than two countries) turns out such an indigestible mess (too many cooks?). A good example is *Virus* (Intervision), direct by Kinji Fukasaku, but with an international cast including such Americans as Glenn Ford, Robert Vaughn and George Kennedy. This version of Armageddon has the odd morsel of nourishment, but it's one of those meals in which coagulated bits float in a thin and flavourless stock.

DEVILISH

Videospace show immense nerve by invoking both *The Exorcist* and *Rosemary's Baby* on the slipcase of *The Devil Within Her*, a late video issue of this undistinguished entry in the demonic possession stakes. Unfortunately, Juliet Mills' foray into levitation, male demon voices, etc. has absolutely none of the menace Friedkin created in *The Exorcist* and her pregnancy none of the fraughtness Polanski engendered for Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby*.

One can quickly see why Juliet Mills in this movie might not want a third



Matt Dillon, as macho punk Rusty-James, in Francis Ford Coppola's *Rumblefish*, now released on video by CIC. Below: *The Imperial Walkers* from *The Empire Strikes Back*.

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT



HITS

The Empire Strikes Back (CBS/Fox)
Powers of Evil (Alpha)
The Fourth Man (Embassy)
Prisoners of the Lost Universe (Nickelodeon)

PITS

Blastfighter (Medusa)
Airwolf (CIC)
The Sheriff And The Satellite Kid (Medusa)
The Rats (Guild)

child - the two she already has have to count as the most nauseating brats ever committed to celluloid (although, to be fair, dubbing does seem to make children more stomach-turning than they might otherwise be; certainly they affected me far more here than any of the green effluvia Ms. Mills produces).

ANIMATED ALICE

Although this magazine features the word "animation" above the logo as one of our fields of coverage, I find that I've only discussed two videos in this field, *The Secret of Nimh* (for its superior design and animation) and *Fire and Ice* (for its Frazetta/Marvel connections).

This is probably because most available contemporary animation is truly awful. So it's refreshing to find Walt Disney Video issuing one of the major feature length cartoons, *Alice in Wonderland*, from 1950. Of course, while *Alice* makes much modern animation look rudimentary indeed, it lacks the dramatic imagination of the other major Disney features. But it does have moments of vision reminiscent of the great *Fantasia*, and although Lewis Carroll's Surrealistic landscape is softened, Disney's brilliant team provide their own brand of fantastic imagery (in fact, the film has something of the "trippy" cult following that Kubrick's 2001 acquired in the sixties).

EASTERN OFFERINGS

A lone figure stands in a wind-blown street, watched by hidden eyes. Suddenly, an Alsatian dog trots purposefully by, in its jaws a severed human hand. And, if soon after the opening of *Yojimbo* (one of two Japanese classics issued by Palace Video) the plot of Kurosawa's macabre comedy starts to seem familiar, that's because Sergio Leone borrowed it for *A Fistful of Dollars* (Clint Eastwood's entry into town is greeted by a dead man strapped to a horse.) The visual style of Kurosawa's cynical vision of humanity is peppered with grisly touches that shock by their audacity - the first sword fight (Kurosawa's equivalent of Eastwood's dispatch of a group of hired thugs) is over in seconds. Toshiro Mifune is, as always, superb as the lethal Ronin who destroys the opposing factions in the town.

Palace continue their quest for the unusual in issuing another Eastern classic, Shindo's tale of supernatural horror, *Kuroneko*. Shindo's masterpiece of the macabre, *Onibaba*, had a similar plot (two lone women slaught-

ering samurai), but here the women are vampiric ghosts who are avenging their own rape and murder. The haunting visual beauty of the film counterpoints the bloodletting that Shindo presents with customary brilliance – and if rather too many samurai are lured to their death before the plot takes a new twist, this is a small flaw.

One final warning about both movies – they are “art films” so don’t expect the pace of more commercial offerings. It also should be said that they are, of course, black and white with English sub-titles.

DISNEY

Back to Disney, two of the company’s recent forays into the fantastic are available on video: Jack Clayton’s *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and John Hough’s *The Watcher in the Woods*. Both fared badly at the box office, and one of the reasons has to be the absence of a Steven Spielberg at the helm of either film. It’s a truism that Spielberg has brilliantly captured (more than practically any other director in the history of the cinema) the world of the child on film – and done so with very little recourse to cuteness or sentimentality. And although neither Clayton’s nor Hough’s movies suffer from this besetting sin of Disney productions, they both lack the childlike “sense of wonder” so effortlessly conjured by Hollywood’s number one Wunderkind.

Ray Bradbury’s fragile, poetic world simply cries out for the magical touch of the director of *E.T.* and *Close Encounters* (films much admired by Bradbury), and though Jack Clayton turns in a workman-like job, his evocation of Mr. Dark’s sinister carnival never touches the inner core of lyrical fantasy – despite another well-turned score by James Horner.

Hough’s *The Watcher in the Woods* is another of those movies that exists in different versions – and the video issue is not the one that features the eponymous other-dimensional “Watcher”; this is the version that caused a radical re-think (and much extra special effects expenditure) on the part of the Disney executives. So why was the indifferent version with a flat ending chosen for video release?

FEMALE CONAN

For those of you whose appetites were whetted by Tony Crawley’s recent interviews with the star and director of *Hundra* (Laurene Landon and Matt Cimber respectively), Thorn EMI Video now offer the chance to enjoy this high powered distaff *Conan*. Ms. Landon is a charismatic and striking warrior woman, more than making up for the awkward delivery of her lines by a powerful performance that contains more physical activity and dangerous stunts than you’ve seen practically any other actor perform. Cimber keeps his feminist swordplay epic at maximum



voltage with only a little slackening before the bloody climax, and Ennio Morricone’s score borrows as brazenly from Orff’s *Carmina Burana* as Basil Poledouris did in *Conan*.

TRUMBULL’S TURKEY

I’m sure you all know about the problems Douglas Trumbull encountered in getting *Brainstorm* (MGM) finished and released (the death of his star Natalie Wood before completion of shooting, the attempts by the production company to write the film off as a tax loss etc.). And it’s certainly a tribute to Trumbull’s tenacity that we’re finally able to see the finished product. But was it worth the wait? Regrettably, no. In the cinema, the use of an enlarged screen for the sequences in which

Louise Fletcher and Christopher Walken’s mind-recording device is demonstrated had some physical effect – but on video the first demonstration, via wide screen and multi-channel sound – is anti-climatic indeed. (It’s difficult to accept Cliff Robertson’s dazed comment, “You knocked my socks off!”)

But it’s not just in this area that Trumbull comes a cropper – the story involving the integrity of Louise Fletcher (smoking herself to death like Meryl Streep in *Silkwood*) has no conviction, and the relationship between Walken and Wood shows every sign of being hastily patched together – as indeed it was. Even a powerful James Horner score doesn’t alter one’s feeling that Trumbull should stick to what he does best – creating matchless effects for movies such as *2001* and *CE3K*.



Top(less): The starlet of Gwendoline, the aptly named Tawny Kitten. Above: Alice celebrates at an unbirthday tea-party, with the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, in the Walt Disney video release of *Alice in Wonderland*.

NEW AND FORTH-COMING

From Thorn EMI, the somewhat underrated *Supergirl* (you’d think it was a total disaster to read some reviews!). At *The Earth’s Core* and Walter Hill’s *The Driver*. Following its’ acquittal, VTC is re-issuing *Possession*, and CIC De Palma’s *Scarface* and *The Sender*. Rank has Tourneur’s *Comedy of Terrors*, and Warners *The Right Stuff*. EMI has *Mutant* and *Alpha Powers of Evil*.

BRIEF NOTICES

capsule comments by starburst video reviewer barry forshaw

Gwendoline (Embassy) – the video issue of Just Jackin’s movie of the erotic John Willie comic strip finds a nice “camp” pitch at which to function and is pleasantly diverting; Tawny Kitten (the actress’s name, not an Ian Fleming heroine!) is comely as the innocent *Gwendoline* who undergoes much *Raiders* – style danger, and Brent Huff is charmless in the extreme as the charming rogue of a hero.

Warning: Clint Eastwood’s latest Dirty Harry movie *Sudden Impact* (Warners) is quite uncompromising in its stance on certain liberal issues – as tough thriller, it’s worth anyone’s money, but don’t expect a balanced discussion of the issues of criminal rights, for instance. Actually, the original Don Siegel movie was far more persuasive on these issues, and Eastwood no longer seems interested in questioning the implications of Harry’s behaviour (as he did in *Magnum Force*), which is a shame; still, it’s a stylishly made and powerfully violent hundred and thirteen minutes (even if you have to forget how very much better Siegel’s *Dirty Harry* was).

Metalstorm (EIV) is a Charles Band low budget epic crossing *Mad Max II* with various other sources – one has to admire his ambitious special effects, even if they invariably overreach his painfully strained budget.

The Wicker Man (Thorn EMI) is finally available on video – don’t miss this cult favourite.

• IT'S ONLY A MOVIE •

A Column by John Brosnan

It's not often that this column gets invited to an up-market, posh-type book-launch and the recent party for Angela Carter's *Nights at the Circus* was no exception. I wasn't invited. But I did attend. No, I didn't exactly gate-crash the party held in the offices of Carter's publisher Chatto and Windus, I simply tagged along behind a couple of the lads from the Forbidden Planet bookshop who had been invited. The party worked and none of the hordes of bright, young PR girls, who spent their time running around filling up wine-glasses, spotted me for what I was – a sleazy film reviewer pretending to be a sleazy literary type.

Book launch parties are like film launch parties – you stand around drinking booze, eating little snacks and talking a lot of waffle. The only difference is that you don't get to see a film at the end of a book launch party. You don't even get a free copy of the book, which is a bit mean. But I must admit you do get a classier breed of guest at a book launch. At the Carter do there were several illustrious authors, including J.G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss, and a number of faces familiar to me from television, such as Hermione Lee who does that Channel 4 book programme called *er...* Well, take my word for it, she was there.

So was my old friend Harry Adam Knight, described by many these days as "the new Stephen King" (even by me, after several stiff drinks). No sooner had I bumped into him than he was proudly showing me the jacket of his new horrorist novel *The Fungus* which is due out from Star in March next year (1985). "It's absolutely repulsive!" I told him sincerely. He beamed happily. "So's the book," he told me. "It's about this genetically-engineered enzyme that gets loose from a London laboratory and causes all the different species of fungi to go berserk. Did you know there are over 100,000 different species of fungi?"

"No," I said truthfully.

"After you read this you'll never stay alone in the same room as a mushroom again!" he cried, waving the cover under my nose. Then he rushed off to show it to Hermione Lee. She didn't seem impressed, though one of the passing PR girls screamed and dropped a bottle of wine when she saw it.

It was shortly after this that I had an experience much more horrifying than a glimpse at Harry's *Fungus* cover. By this time I was feeling a little tired and emotional, having consumed a lot of Chatto & Windus wine, and in desperate need of a toilet. But though I looked everywhere I couldn't find one. I was



Richard Burton in his last, and perhaps finest, performance in last year's film adaptation of Orwell's 1984.

beginning to get a bit panicky as I staggered up a corridor full of people that I was sure I'd been along before so I grabbed the shoulder of a guy sitting on a table and cried, "Hey, is there a toilet around here?"

He was in the middle of a conversation with another man also sitting on the table. He stopped talking and turned to face me. Immediately my whole life rushed by before my eyes. It was Russell Harty.

Now I should point out at this point that I loathe Russell Harty. On a loathing scale of 1 to 10 he registers 11 on mine. Many has been the time the mere sight of his face on a TV screen caused

me to run screaming from the room. And yet what did I do when I found myself face-to-face with him? Did I put my hands around his neck and slowly throttle him, thus earning the gratitude of millions?

No. I just stood there with a fixed, stupid grin while Mr Harty went through a routine of looking for a toilet. He looked under the table, at the ceiling, at the wall behind him and so on... Funny? It was bloody hilarious. Finally he admitted he didn't know where the toilet was and I stumbled away to continue searching, my face burning.

Oh, the humiliation.

From now I'll only gatecrash film previews. At least at those an encounter with Barry Norman is about the most traumatic thing you can expect. Compared to running into Russell Harty that's child's play.

OBITUARIES

Since I last said in this column that 1984 has been a bad year for deaths in the show business world the situation has got even worse. Among the new batch of losses was Richard Burton, whose last screen appearance was in the movie 1984. I agree with those other critics who have said that his final performances was one of his best...

Walter Pidgeon also made his departure, though at least he'd succeeded in living to the ripe old age of 87. Science fiction fans will best remember him for his role as Morbius in *Forbidden Planet*. He later appeared in two other 'genre' movies – *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (as Admiral Nelson) and the even worse *Neptune Factor*.

Ironically, the other actor who played Admiral Nelson in the TV series based on *Voyage*, also died this year. He was, of course, Richard Basehart and his other better known role was as the young protagonist in another nautical story, the Ray Bradbury-scripted version of *Moby Dick*.

As I write, the most recent loss is the French director Francois Truffaut, and one which hit me particularly hard. As far as our genre is concerned he'll be remembered for *Fahrenheit 451* and his role in *Close Encounters* but my favourite film of his will always be *Day for Night*, his marvellous, and affectionate, comedy about film-making.

Yes, it's been a bad year for deaths – Joe Losey, Ralph Richardson, James Mason, Byron Haskin, Leonard Rossiter, Andy Kaufman (from *Taxi*), Walter Tevis, Robert Aldrich... the list seems endless. A sinister 'Year of the Jackpot'... (and to see what that means you'll have to look up an old Robert Heinlein story of the same name).

McKENZIE MOVES ON

Still on the subject of loss, though fortunately this one has nothing to do with death, we must sadly bid farewell to our illustrious editor, Alan McKenzie, who is moving onwards, and hopefully upwards, to greener pastures.

Alan made a lot of changes for the better during his reign as editor and one can only hope that his successor maintains his high standard of taste, quality and good editorial sense. In other words: keeps this column in the magazine.

Ever since the BBC banned Peter Watkins' *The War Game*, a film about a nuclear attack on Britain, television has always touched on the subject of nuclear destruction with some trepidation. In recent years, producers have become more daring in their attempts to depict a nuclear holocaust. The most informative of these was *Nuclear Nightmares* shown last year, and the American soap opera, *The Day After*, screened amid great controversy before Christmas '83.

However times are changing and a new scientific theory about the devastating effects of a nuclear winter, a prolonged post war period of extreme cold and darkness lasting for several months, has prompted another television epic. Playwright and author Barry Hines was asked to script a nuclear attack story for a BBC play, shown in September and entitled *Threads*. Briefly, it told of the effects of a nuclear warhead exploding over Sheffield, and the problems facing the inhabitants of the city, in particular two families. It did, of course, have its tearful sentiments. Certain people in the story, that we identified with, appeared to suffer more terribly than others. It also managed to show the devastating aftermath, as a several megaton warhead decimates the city centre, people turned into living torches, familiar landmarks obliterated in seconds. Special effects wise this is always very difficult to do. Everything happens so fast in a nuclear explosion, the best the effects people can show are staged scenes of panic leading up to the explosion and the appalling human suffering afterwards, radiation sickness and multiple injuries. Apart from the familiar mushroom cloud the programme makers reduced the effect of the actual explosion to split second shots of Woolworth, or British Home Stores, before editing in a sequence of an exploding building.

The problem with plays of this nature is they give the viewer a formidable feeling of unease. We know the people in the build-up to the war, will probably be killed. It's a fatalistic attitude and compares strongly with watching a tense murder mystery, knowing from the outset who the murderer is. Of course in a scenario of this sort there can't be any survivors, we all appreciate that, but it makes one wonder if it would have been more interesting to begin with the attack and so relieve this depression. Hines has the unique opportunity to make a concerted attack, on local Government and Civil Defence or, at least, its inadequacies. He did, however, get so carried away by showing us the deaths of the councillors entombed in the basement below the local town hall, that the miraculous appearance of army officials in radiation proof clothing seemed to introduce many unexplained "threads".

The other problem with the play was its documentary style. Having narra-

TV ZONE

by Richard Holliss



Above: David Vincent (Roy Thinnes) vs *The Invaders*, a threat from another planet. Below: *America vs Russia* in a scene from *The Day After*, the controversial apocalyptic soap opera.



tion breaking into the story every now and then accompanied by typed introductions was distracting and unnecessary. All it did was to remind us of our part as observer and not participant. Of course it was an easier solution to introduce all the necessary scientific jargon, instead of having innocent people discussing it over their pint in a Sheffield local, but it was still, for the most part, a failing of the programme.

Showing how all this affected the characters in *Threads* was no easy task. Although the breakdown of communication and a desolate landscape, stripped of foliage, painted a terrifying picture of the consequences to such a disaster. The problem with this section of the play was Hines use of science fiction (perhaps fairer to call it *science speculation*) than science fact. I don't believe that any rational human being would refute the nuclear winter theory as explained so carefully by scientists, but the massive jump in the scenario, with increased ultra-violet from the sun, at the conclusion of the dust cloud and freezing cold, causing cataracts in the eyes of the survivors and Down-syndrome reaction in their children, made I feel that we were watching a hastily constructed horror film.

The following evening BBC2 screened a documentary on the evidence behind the nuclear winter theory entitled *On the 8th Day*. Very informative, it showed how masses of dust from recent volcanic disturbances around the globe, have polluted the atmosphere. Their theories pointed out that smoke from fires caused by a 5,000 megaton exchange between East and West, would fill the stratosphere with dense clouds of dust, blocking out the sunlight, killing plants and animals, subjecting mankind to devastating climate changes and plunging the entire Earth into sub-zero temperatures. At the end of the documentary there was a tv debate on the previous two programmes with a distinguished guest list including ministers, scientists, military personnel and scholars. True to their individual habits, the "scholars" droned on incomprehensively, the politicians refused to answer the questions put before them and the military were, it seems, just plain confused over the entire issue.

Now that *The Invaders* has returned to British television, it's gratifying to see that the series is still entertaining 17 years after it was first shown. The effects are very good for such a low budget series and ignoring Roy Thinnes' very wooden performance, the scripts are intelligently written. Interestingly enough, though, *The Invaders* is one format that needs to be shown on a commercial channel, those breaks to Act 1, Act 2, etc. seem most strange on the BBC. It's unsure whether the beeb will show both seasons, but, at least, the music by Dominic Frontiere and the sound effects (from *War of the Worlds* incidentally) are most enjoyable. ■



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• BOOK • WORLD

Reviews by Chris Charles

A mixed bag this time, including non-fiction, novels, short story collections and fantasy role-playing books. In the last category we have *Firewolf* and *The Crypts of Terror* by J.H. Brennan, the first two volumes in the gamebook series "Sagas of the Demonspawn" from Fontana at £1.50 each. "This is a different sort of book" says the author in his preamble, thus violating the Trades Description Act on several counts. Fantasy gamebooks are appearing from practically every paperback publisher these days, and this pair seem to me to be entirely derivative. Our hero, Firewolf, is the usual Conan-type warrior battling weird creatures and nasty sorcerers in a quasi-barbaric realm which is completely lacking in originality. He even acquires a sentient sword called Doombringer, which is a blatant steal from Michael Moorcock's "Elic" novels. The idea is that the reader throws dice and makes his own choices on the options offered to him in the book on his quest. Personally, I'd rather play "Scrabble".

The Winds of Altair by Ben Bova (Methuen, £1.95) is a science-fiction novel about the attempt to explore and colonize another planet using mind-links which enable human beings to take over the consciousness of the native creatures on the planet Altair VI. Bova has a good idea here, and he's thorough in working out his backgrounds and plot-development so that the novel is readable and efficient. But it fails to realize its full potential, the main problem being that Bova's writing always suffers from a flatness of style which tends to diminish the impact of what's happening in the story. Had it been written with a bit more verve and colour, this might have been a really exceptional book.

Two of the heavyweights of science fiction - Arthur C. Clarke and Isaac Asimov - are on hand with non-fiction offerings. *Arthur C. Clarke's World of Strange Powers* (Collins, £10.95) is based on the forthcoming Yorkshire Television series, itself a sequel to the earlier *Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World*. This new book investigates such phenomena as maledictions, poltergeists, dowsing, reincarnation, and so on. It's actually written by John Fairley and Simon Welfare, though Our Arthur contributes a foreword and epilogue. The authors have done a good job in presenting the material in a lively manner, but the upshot of all the evidence they amass on the various phenomena is invariably inconclusive. This tends to leave the reader none the wiser except for discovering how much trickery often goes on in paranormal circles. The most interesting suggestion in the book is that the brain's paranormal powers (if they exist) might only work when a person is not consciously trying to exert them, which would explain why such abilities don't show up best under laboratory conditions. Our Arthur is pretty scap-

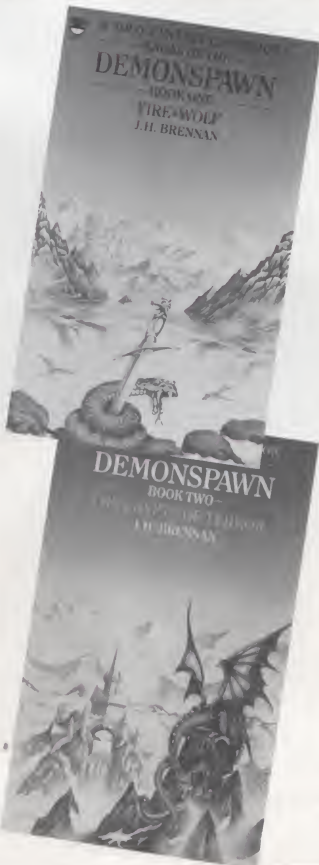
tical himself, though, believing strongly in firewalking, stigmata and maledictions, but being lukewarm or positively dismissive of psychic spoon-bending, reincarnation and survival after death.

Asimov on Science Fiction (Granta, £2.50) is a collection of essays and editorials on SF, many of them culled from the pages of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Our Isaac is a cheerful, avuncular soul who likes to make jokes about his lack of modesty. A lot of people find this very endearing, so I suppose I qualify for the Grumpy Old Sod category because I find much of his non-fiction writing facile and downright irritating.

Tales from the Vulgar Unicorn (Penguin, £1.95) is a collection of fantasy stories by different authors having the common background of the city of Sanctuary. This book is a sequel to the evidently successful *Thieves' World*, and features stories by Philip José Farmer, A.E. Van Vogt, David Drake, Lynn Abbey, Janet Morris, Andrew Offutt and Robert Asprin, the last of whom is also the editor. Personally I'm really bored with these endless fantasy books which keep appearing nowadays. This one seems to have little fresh or original to offer, and I can only breathe a wistful sigh for the long-gone days when practically every Penguin SF and Fantasy title was a high quality product which always managed to be a damn good read without being blatantly commercial. Ah, well...

The Voices of Time by J.G. Ballard is another attractive reprint collection of Ballard's earlier work from Dent at £2.95. There are some genuine classics in this collection, including the title story and "The Garden of Time", the latter about a couple living in a villa who pick time-flowers which temporarily reverse the progress of an army rushing across a plain towards them. This is a beautiful and poignant story; once read, it's never forgotten.

The Songbirds of Pain by Garry Kilworth (Gollancz, £8.95) is another fine collection by a British writer who shows great versatility and invention in the thirteen stories here. Some people still argue that the short story is science fiction's natural home, and this book is good evidence that it's alive and well. Kilworth has a fertile, wide-ranging imagination, but his stories are more than just colourful entertainments. Many of them use staple SF motifs or settings, but the stories always have a point which goes beyond the simple cleverness of a twist ending or the exoticism of a colourful locale. My own favourite is "Sumi Dreams of a Small Frog", praised by J.G. Ballard as "the best story I've read for many years". This is a mini *tour de force* which brilliantly captures the mixture of boredom and frustration which a soldier in a frontier post might feel. Most of the other stories are just as intriguing, and it's a pleasure to read such a solid and varied collection as this.



• DATA BANK •

Information from the filing cabinet of Dr Sally Gary

First, may I be the last to wish all Starburst readers a prosperous New Year. And, as we swing out of 1984, not the best of years, let's get down to the business at hand without preamble.

FU MAN-WHO?

Mark Hetherington dropped me a line from Beccles, Suffolk to inquire about the character of Fu Manchu in the movies. Okay, so it's not strictly fantasy, but Mark was labouring under the misapprehension that Boris Karloff's *Mask of Fu Manchu* and the terrible Chris Lee series of movies for Harry Allen Towers were all that's on offer - wrong!

In the beginning were the silents. British made, featuring Harry Agar Lyons in the title role, these films ran to two-reels apiece (a "reel" in the early days of cinema used to run to about ten minutes). I've managed to track down the following titles for these: *The Mystery of Dr Fu Manchu* (1923) and *The Further Mysteries of Dr Fu Manchu* (1924). The rest of the silents I've arranged in alphabetical order: *Aaron's Rod*, *The Call of Siva*, *The Clue of the Pigtail*, *The Coughing Horror*, *The Cragmire Tower*, *The Cry of the Nighthawk*, *The Fiery Hand*, *The Fungi Cellar*, *The Knocking on the Door*, *The Man with the Limp*, *The Miracle*, *The Queen of Hearts*, *The Sacred Order*, *The Scented Envelopes*, *The Shrine of the Seven Lamps*, *The Silver Buddha*, *The West Case* (all 1923-4).

Then, there were three talkies with Warner Oland in the title role: *The Mysterious Dr Fu Manchu* (1929), *The Return of Dr Fu Manchu* (1930) and *Daughter of the Dragon* (1931).

The Mask of Fu Manchu, (1932) you know about - or you should if you read Starburst 55.

Fu fans had to wait eighteen years for the oriental madman's next appearance. In 1940 the serial factory, Republic, put out 15-chapter serial version called *The Drums of Fu*



Christopher Lee about to crumble to dust as Dracula (1958) courtesy of Les Bowie's special effects department.

Manchu. It was re-cut to feature length and re-released in 1944. Meanwhile, Spain (of all places) had latched on to the charisma of Fu Manchu and had a crack at making a movie on the subject. *El Otra Fu Manchu* (The Other Fu Manchu) was released in 1945 and promptly forgotten by every one except me!

And after that we're down to the Harry Allen Towers efforts, which, for the record were: *The Face of Fu Manchu* (1965), *Brides of Fu Manchu* (1966), *The Vengeance of Fu Manchu* (1968), *The Blood of Fu Manchu* (1969), and *The Castle of Fu Manchu* (1970) all starring Christopher Lee in oriental makeup, doing his best with bad material.

THE BOWIE BOYS

Stuart Hall of Hull is puzzled. For years most of the early Hammer movies' special effects were credited to veter-

an SPFX wiz Les Bowie. Then Stu came across an interview in which Bowie said of the 1958 *Dracula*, "An effects man called Syd Pearson finished him off in that film." So why is it that every one thinks Les Bowie did the effects?

There's no great mystery, Stuart. This goes back to the old days when Les Bowie headed his own SPFX studio. He had many effects men working for him in those days, though Les' name always went on the picture. Many effects men in the business today had their start with Bowie. Ian Scoones, Brian Johnson and Wally Veevers were all associated with Les Bowie at some point in their careers.

The situation isn't so different today. When you see Doug Trumbull's name on the credits of a film as Special Effects Supervisor, that just means that it was Trumbull's company who did the work... chances are that Trumbull

himself did next to nothing of the actual effects work. That answer your question?

ON THE RIGHT TRACKS

Some more soundtrack information, this time from Chris Christou, St Leonards, East Sussex... and I quote, "With regard to David Bonneywell's letter in Starburst 71, I think he's referring to a track from Hawkwind's album, *Levitation*. The listing certainly gives the impression of a film existing: *The Fifth Second of Forever* (from the film). More than likely, it was to be a video project that was shelved after the band left Bronze Records, just after the album's release."

Chris also sent me a tape (thanks, Chris) of an Italian sampler album on the Cinevox label, *Lo Sualo - L'esorcista*. Among the tracks is a Goblin offering called *Buio Omega* (from the film) and wants to know if this has anything to do with the movie I mentioned as having a Goblin score, *Blue Holocaust*, and if so, what's "Omega" doing in the title. Simple, Chris, "Omega" means "The End" or "The Last" and *The Holocaust* is most certainly *The End*, no?

VEIDT NIGHT

A quidly from Steve Todd of Leeds who wants a quick rundown of the fantasy films of German actor Conrad Veidt. Easy. *Five Sinister Stories* (1919), *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* (1919), *Der Januskopf* (1920), based on Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, *Three Wax Men* (1924), *The Hands of Orlac* (1925), *The Man Who Laughs* (1927), F.P.1 aka, *Floating Platform I Does Not Answer* (1933, in the English Language version only), *The Thief of Baghdad* (1940).

MISS SMITH

A double barrelled attack from Allen Dace in Chester and Peter Harris of Farnborough both of whom were quick to point out that Maddy Smith was in the Bond film *Live and*

Let Die (1973) not The Spy Who Loved Me. Right again, fellas. But as I was dropped on my head when I was very small I plead temporary insanity.

BOND AND BEYOND

Here's a couple of quick filmographies for Martin Gunther of Kirkcaldy, Scotland who wants listings of the films of two Bond stars, Barbara Carrera and Richard Kiel. I had some trouble with the Barbara Carrera, Marty. Not sure if this is complete (Starbursts, please correct me!), *Island of Dr Moreau* (1977), *Condorman* (1981), *I, The Jury* (1982), *Lone Wolf McQuaid* (1982), *Never Say Never Again* (1983).

With Richard Kiel I'm more sure of my ground: *The Phantom Planet* (1962), *The Magic Sword* (1962), *Eegah!* (1962), *House of the Damned* (1963),



The Human Duplicators (1965), *A Man Called Dagger* (1967), *Silver Streak* (1976), *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977, as Jaws), *Force Ten from Navarone* (1978), *Moonraker* (1979, as Jaws), *The Humanoid* (1979), *The Phoenix* (1979). Howzat?

SPOT THE VAMPIRE

Finally for this month, I had a letter from Christine Allen (no address but the envelope was postmarked Cardiff) who recently saw Hammer's *Vampire Circus* and was smitten (though not bitten) by the film's lead Vampire and wants to know more. This could be a bit tricky, Chrissie. There were so many damn vampires in that picture that I have trouble remembering any of them. But I'm guessing the chap you have in mind is Robert Tayman, who played Count Mitterhouse. But just in case I got the wrong vamp, here's a cast and credits listing for that particular blood-sucking flick.

Starring: Adrienne Corri (as the Gypsy woman), Laurence Payne (Mueller), Thorley Walters (Burgomeister), John Moulder Brown (Anton Kersh), Lynne Frederick (Dora Mueller), Elizabeth Seal (Gerta Hauser), Anthony Corlan (Emil), Richard Owens (Dr Kersh), Domini Blythe (Anna Mueller), Robin Hunter (Hauser), Robert Tayman (Count Mitterhouse).



Dir: Robert Young, Scr: Judson Kinberg, Ph: Murray Grant, Art dir: Scott MacGregor, Mus: David Whittaker, Prod: Wilbur Stark. Time: 87 mins.

And that's all I have room for this month. If I didn't get to your query, better luck next time... and in the meantime...

Send all your queries to:

**Dr Sally Gary
Starburst Data Bank
Starburst Magazine,
Marvel Comics Ltd.,
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London W2 4SA.**

Above: Richard Kiel and friend from *Moonraker*. Top right: Robert Tayman as Count Mitterhouse in Hammer's *Vampire Circus* (1972). Below: Barbara Carrera on the rocks.





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